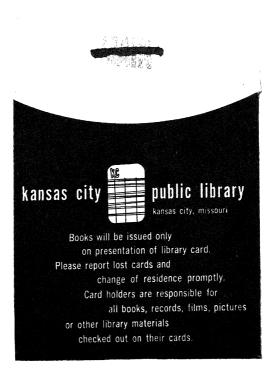
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YOUR PERSONALITY -and GOD

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By MARGERY WILSON

AUTHOR OF "Charm," "The New Etiquette," etc.



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FOREWORD

MEN AND WOMEN who used to turn away or look bored when God was mentioned, today listen attentively. People are groping for some believable concept of the Creator.

It is to the men and women who have not thought through to a satisfying conclusion and who have not been able to find it outside themselves that I offer this, my own philosophy, which has helped me and thousands of others. With it is given a technique for making it useful and real in life everyday.

It is not based on speculative theory, but is born entirely of experience both as an individual and as a teacher. It gives the result of the intimate study of many thousands of personalities.

It will not interfere scriously with any established belief to which you may owe allegiance. It will simply make you more effective in living your faith.

I do not claim for it complete originality. Yet it is not to be found, in its entirety, under any single name.

You and I want our lives to have meaning, fulness and a wider opportunity for service. You and I

FOREWORD

want to find personal peace and to entrench somehow—somewhere there is assurance in these fretted days.

In all the chaos and shifting we must have something to tie to, some verity that remains unchanged, though governments rock. Anxious, puzzled people must have a stable philosophy that satisfies their minds and hearts. Mental health demands it.

In advising men and women of all ages who have come to me over a period of time, I have used the principles outlined in this book. The success with these cases indicates that there is a provable basis.

Any teacher who approaches a pupil from the standpoint of this thesis will have equal success. Any individual who acts on these principles will surprise himself with his progress toward vital living, achievement and spiritual culture.

MARGERY WILSON.

YOUR PERSONALITY -and GOD

Ι

YOU, AS A WHOLE

Do You REALLY know who you are? Have you the faintest notion of the exact identity of the person who looks back at you from your mirror? Have you ever gazed into those reflected eyes to try to fathom the secret of your individuality or wondered as you looked at your hands and feet just whose bidding they obey so instantly? For, you reflect, no part of this body moves without a mover. Who is this mover? "I am," you say. But in an introspective mood a surging question swells with growing insistence, "What is this 'I'? Who am I?"

Doesn't it make you feel strange to wonder about it? Sometimes you must turn your head away from the eyes in the mirror. The sensation of self-recognition can be temporarily overwhelming—because the self is so very much more than you expected. Most of us live with but a hazy idea of the capacities within us and use but a fraction of them.

Do you realize, as you study your mirrored self, that you have dormant assets which are a part of your natural equipment, that as soon as you take

away the dams of interference the stream of Consciousness will bring you more than you have dared to dream or plan for yourself? Have you any idea of the rich heritage you can claim if you will?

It would be cruel of me even to suggest these things if I did not know them to be true. But years of experience with men and women from every walk of life have proved for me—and will for you—that you are strong, not weak—beautiful, not distorted—fine, not coarse—and have the tenacity and energy of a giant, both mentally and physically. You are an infinite being with infinite capacities. The glories within you gleam as a brilliant path into the *Allness* of which you are a part, the magnificent powers and strength of which you share.

How do I know this? How are you to know that these statements are not just pleasant repetitions of vaporous hopes that have failed to satisfy the reason of thinkers throughout the centuries?

Because through science and readjusted reasoning in the light of both old and new facts, we can now see more of the truth about ourselves. This truth leads us straight into a finer concept of our Source.

Because the practical use of this concept of man and his true nature has brought wonderful results with thousands of people who have come to me for

advice. The evidence from this great laboratory of actual experience is impressive.

People's lives have been remade. Abilities have been unearthed and used to great profit. Mental efficiency has replaced chaos and futility. Personal strength has triumphed over vagueness and brought success. Domestic happiness has been made possible. Social effectiveness has been experienced. Conceit has given way to humor and poise. Shyness has been routed. Self-consciousness erased. Mind and body have been coordinated—and a heaven-on-carth found in enlarged self-expression.

You can accomplish all these for yourself. The path to freedom is open to everyone.

There are two ways to personal success. One of them is to fight and vanquish every obstacle or person that gets in your way. This is the usual method that is taken. But, as we observe, it is often too expensive. The fighters pay too high a price for what they win or are likely to lose their winnings to a greater fighter who also believes that the race is to the swift. They often wear themselves out in the struggle and do not live long enough to enjoy the fruits of their strenuous victory. But you and I

want personal comfort and joy along with our success.

Whenever scientific intelligence sets to work it always finds a way to accomplish the same end with some plan or device that consumes far less time and energy than is usually expended. To take a broom out of a housewife's hand and give her a vacuum-cleaner instead is a crude example of the point. There is a way of life that will gain happiness for you with about one-tenth of the effort used by the strugglers. Thus, you will have energy and time left which you can use for the cultivation of your other talents, pleasures or services to others.

To state it briefly-

HUMANITY MUST GET BACK TO GOD. No, not back to that unsatisfying, remote, somewhat deaf, cantankerous, book-keeping old gentleman, afflicted with spleen, jealousy and revenge! But back to a concept of God worthy of the name!

Few people worship a kindly God. Most of us bend the knee to a monster. You would not bow on the street to a human being who had the meanness, the pettiness, the lack of discipline and the cruelty that some theologies attribute to their God. If a living person exhibited the petulance, the high temper and the vanity ascribed to Deity, we should call that one erratic, infantile and undeveloped. A

clearer vision speedily rejects such a picture of Divinity.

Most ineffectual, negative people mentally look at God through a tiny pinhole. Moral degenerates do not see Him at all. And even many of those who profess some religion usually have a concept so limited, so devoid of grandeur and generosity, that one wonders how they can kneel before it.

What has God to do with your personality? The answer is, "Everything." You may not have thought of any such connection but—

Your personality is actually the sum of your conscious and unconscious beliefs about God and the Universe. Water can rise no higher than its source.

If your ideas of God and Life are pinched and limited, you will be pinched and limited in personality and in your general outlook. Your opinion of God governs your expectancy for yourself.

One cannot look deeply into personality without coming face to face with the necessity of recognizing God.

Those who come to me for advice are often surprised when, on occasion, I say, "What you need is more faith. You would even be more graceful,

have more poise and wit and a readier response in merry conversation!"

Often uncertainty and mental awkwardness come from a deep-rooted fear that Life is niggardly and that we have only a teaspoonful of blessings—and have no real right to expect that little portion.

What we expect from ourselves and Lise is almost always an exact picture of our idea of God.

Without respect for our Source, we lose self-respect. Without seeing sanity and unity as basic elements in Life, we lose sanity and unity. The mounting number of mental cases is appalling. Coherence and logic demand their counterpart on which to draw. Without a belief in an orderly universe and an impartial force—or God—behind it, reason totters.

Our philosophy may be likened to our bank accounts. There is no use in writing checks to use for living every day unless there is a deposit out of which they can be paid.

Fortunately, the riches of a fine concept of God dispel poverty of any kind and bring together into focus the scattered forces of a mind—a body—or a personality.

One may have the charms of social graces that light a little hour or two. One may possess those attributes that gain friends, and other pleasantries,

without going very much below the surface of the self. But if one wants stamina, character, real happiness, protection, sanity and wholeness, there is only one place to get it. One must be fed from deep within. If poise is to be real, it must have the support of solid strength.

For that mysterious energy that keeps us going in the long pull—for the wisdom that gives us peace for the love that will never desert the heart—we must draw back to our Source. Why not call it God?

How can we rest if we do not believe that Life, because of its very nature, will run along smoothly regardless of what human beings do? How can we relax—even enough to walk gracefully—if we do not believe in some sustaining continuity?

One cannot even swim without faith in the buoyancy of the water. Do you remember your thoughts when you were learning to swim? It was hard, wasn't it, to relax long enough to discover that the water would actually hold you up? Water, fluid and facile, would by some strange law hold up a body of solid weight! After you learned that, you quickly discovered that if you failed to believe it for even an instant, you sank! Your thought about it did not sink you; that is, directly. Your fear thought did tense your body, however, and, being tense instead of relaxed, it went down. After experiencing that

a few times, you mentally resolved to remember that the water would hold you up. You disciplined your mind to prevent panic from entering it. Oh, yes, you did—else you couldn't be a swimmer!

Life, apparently formless, also will buoy you up. Once you discover this fact, you can relax and float when you are tired—and also feel its support when you swim ahead with plans and activities.

Relaxation, necessary to either strength or grace, depends upon faith. We will not let go unless we know that we shall be sustained.

The closeness of your personality to that of God is a deep subject, not to be settled by a few smart observations; nor yet disposed of by a few clever remarks or brittle cynicisms.

It is not necessary to know all about anything to enjoy many of its blessings. We do not know all about chemistry, but it is a vital part of modern life. We do not know all about electricity, but everyone knows its force and many of its laws.

No one may know exactly all that God may be. Since Life is a constant unfoldment, since space and intelligence stretch into infinity, it is reasonable to assume that the last word has not been spoken—and probably never will be said! But we can see very plainly how certain attitudes affect our lives, our minds, health, expression and usefulness.

No one with his present mental equipment can think God in His completeness, but we can think toward God—and we can know that we are going in the right direction if we get results.

The effects of following the plan outlined in these chapters will satisfy you, enrich your life, find peace for you and make you more successful in every way.

I have no spiritual anesthetic to offer. I have no desire to put your mind to sleep while I play upon your emotions, your hopes and your fears. I hold that the intellect must be satisfied before feeling is free to justify itself.

I do not mean to imply that I have fathomed the secret of Life or that I have seen God. Neither do I claim to know all about the universe. I do not know why wars are waged on innocent people or why discases sometimes descend on the virtuous, but I know that most of our ills—and, I believe, all—can eventually be solved by a fairer estimate of ourselves, the world in which we live, and God! Judging by actual results of order, peace and happiness in the material world, I claim the right to say that it is reasonable to suppose that my findings are at least somewhere near the truth—since acting upon them brings a dependable result in each honest effort to use them.

Whenever one turns from a chaotic, limited idea of God to a sane concept of a dependable universe, he begins to change for the better.

Everyone responds. From the most ordinary state of self-consciousness to actual mental derangement, from the need for casual social skill to the unfoldment of a great talent, all cases improve when they begin to catch the supporting, heartening philosophy of a beneficent universe—a God whose very nature is to make right.

Through a simple technique of living as though the universe were friendly instead of vicious, God near at hand instead of afar and terrible, things begin to improve.

And though sometimes I give warning that it takes a little time to bring about a lasting change, often the rapidity of entire correction is astonishing. At once one is stronger, problems are lighter, and then events begin to move into an actual readjustment. We become superior to material conditions—and being superior to them we handle them with ease.

Since we shall have a faster result by taking actual steps toward our goal, I give you TWELVE THINGS TO DO which I urge you to act upon. Each of these twelve steps is necessary to your mental and spiritual strength.

In the more than twenty years I have studied and

taught human reactions I have found these ideas to be more effective than any others in achieving personal soundness. Each of them was chosen because it has been proved that it either melts down a barrier to development or gives swift access to some desirable phase of life. They clear the way to the God-self within.

While we are actually moving in the direction of attaining wholeness, I will try to satisfy your intelligence by giving reasons and practical examples of what we are doing.

As we proceed, you will find yourself gathering force and poise. New avenues will open up before you. You will have a new grip on life. You will find yourself singing, energized—ready to express your vital, inner self.

THE FIRST THING TO Do in this new way is to realize that you are not alone in an unfriendly, stubborn world. You came into this world alone and you are going out of it alone—merely apparently. Actually, you share the great principle of life, which is "closer than breathing—nearer than hands and feet." Know that always at hand, available to you, is the Allness of Intelligence, Love and Life.

THE SECOND THING TO Do is to sanitize your mind

by forgiving everybody, including yourself, for everything which has offended you or caused you to stoop to resentment. To throw out of your mind all such refuse as regret, blame and excuses. All such things weigh us down and submerge us. Experience teaches us to travel light if we want to go fast.

THE THIRD THING TO Do is to discover how you really picture God to be. Can you think of Him as an all-perfect, all-loving principle-at all times present and dependable-or are you still deriving some peculiar comfort from the thought of God as an enlarged human being, very busy, but who will condescend to listen to you if you pray long enough and loud enough to attract His attention. Then, if He isn't too angry with you He will grudgingly shuck off a little favor for you and send it down, the while hoping that your neighbors won't find it out and bother Him for "extras" too! Many intelligent people still act upon the barbaric idea that they musk. get God in the right mood for giving, must please Him into generosities and blessings. One is reminded of prehistoric man's tending fires all night. and beating tomtoms to ward off evil spirits and to. placate some god!

THE FOURTH THING TO DO is to realize that you

have a place and a destiny in the great universal scheme of things. Decide to find it and live accordingly. Misfits are merely those who have not found their rightful place.

THE FIFTH THING TO Do is to get a better sense of time and timing. God-consciousness is timeless. Millions of people crucify themselves on a clock. And others make the calendar a rack of torture. Débutantes give themselves five years in which to marry, like sheep who must follow a leader! Yet, some of the most charming women have married when their heads were white. Millions of men challenge themselves to succeed financially in a certain number of years. Henry Ford has said no man should try to accumulate money until he has had The experience of forty years. Straining after anything through a wrong sense of time makes us so tense that our talents become obscure. When we believe in a well-ordered universe, we see that everything is at all times possible, for either a fifteenyear-old girl or a ninety-year-old man. We relax and therefore go faster in accomplishment—we do more. are more, have more, are happier and healthier, when we are not driven by Time.

THE SIXTH THING TO Do is to understand that

there are no accidents and very few injustices. We are just where we are because that is where we belong in our present development. If we continue to experience inharmony, it is because we are still living on the animal plane mentally, crawling about close to the ground on four brutish feet. Get up on the two feet of mankind's supremacy and walk right out of your difficulties! You now have the ability to free yourself.

THE SEVENTH THING TO Do is to decide what you really believe about immortality, spiritualism, astrology and hypnotism, for you will find your estimate of yourself in your answer.

THE EIGHTH THING TO Do is to form some idea of the nature and source of your energy. Then you will know whether you are exhausting yourself or have a reserve force to draw upon. There is a way to avoid the feeling of exhaustion or the fear of it.

The Ninth Thing to Do is to resolve not to depend on any other human being for happiness. You, from now on, will think of people, yourself included, as channels for the expression of *Mind*, *Life itself*—the great surging power back of all movement—God Other people, in their groping toward ful-

ness of expression, are as prone to mistakes as you are. Have you the right to saddle them with the responsibility of your happiness? No! Neither husband, wife, parent, friend nor child should be thus fettered.

THE TENTH THING TO Do is to understand that Life is no more a wrestling-match between good and evil than is a piano. With knowledge we can render exquisite harmonies—and with clumsy ignorance we can bring horrible discords to offend our own and other ears. But the fact remains that the fault does not lie in the piano! Under its lid there is no god of harmony and devil of discord fighting it out in cternal conflict—with the god getting a little the worst of it. Principles, laws and facts govern the use of any instrument. Life may be called our instrument.

THE ELEVENTH THING TO Do is to increase your sense of bountiful supply by giving something away at least once a month. Not for the sake of being biblically charitable alone, but for the suggestion of bounty that will grow in your consciousness. To have just enough for oneself is hardly civilized. If we cannot give money or material things, there are gifts of attention and time that can make us feel rich

in more than one way. Think, when you make your gift, that you possessed it in the first place because of the great bounty of Life. In a universe of infinity there is a dramatic generosity on every hand. When we understand this largeness and the great stream of consciousness, events, ideas, activities and objects, we take our rightful place in the rhythm of taking and giving.

THE TWELFTH THING TO DO is to generate enthusiasm enough to give force to whatever you are doing. Enthusiasm is a divine prophylactic, cleaning our minds of all dark excuses for failure. It is the additional touch, the further devotion, the extra art that makes a superior result. Enthusiasm and interest multiply one's accomplishments many times. Put enthusiasm to work for you.

We can achieve permanent sanity only as we build our faith in the integrity of the universe and see that we have everything we require—to solve our every problem, to bring peace and joy, harmony, accomplishment and service. In its wholeness there is an ecstasy of beauty that nourishes our ideals.

We should not lead orderly, moral lives with the hope of wheedling a blessing from God which He will deny to our unfortunate brothers. We should

be orderly and moral because it is beautiful and right to be so—knowing that as we obey the laws of any science we discover higher truths, greater beauties, more cures, broader visions. We come to know that infinity unfolds before us, that we can never reach a place of vapid, static, harp-playing dulness.

So waste no time complaining about Life. Get up and do something to discover its endless possibilities.

II

REALIZE YOUR STRENGTH

The First Thing to Do: Decide that you are not alone in an unfriendly, stubborn world.

Her mother said, "Oh, are you all alone, dear?" The child said stoutly, "No, I'm not alone. I'm here!"

Many a grown-up could profit by the knowledge of this clear-minded child. There is a self within you that sustains, comforts and cheers. It is the point where the forces of the universe emerge as your individuality. At this point you are in touch with all life. Until we find this place of contact, we shall be torn, blown and at the mercy of circumstances. We shall be moody, subject to agonies of loneliness and that dreadful feeling that no one understands—that we must fight our battle alone, alone.

No one was ever alone. Pressing upon us from every side are the companionable elements of beauty, harmony, the urge of nature to heal and make right—and millions of engaging possibilities.

REALIZE YOUR STRENGTH

Since there is only one life and you share it—are actually part of it—you can never be alone, though you find yourself to be the only inhabitant of a desert island.

Most of us are accustomed to finding companionship in association with other people. But we must first become well oriented as individuals in a world we entered one by one. We are concerned now with the self within.

People may think something is wrong with you if you start talking to this self—though many people do it without realizing it! My grandfather, a brilliant lawyer of Tennessee, practised until he reached a ripe old age. In his later life, he often talked aloud in the library. A servant, hearing his soliloquies, asked him one day, "Colonel, what for does you talk to yo'se'f?" My grandfather laughed and replied, "In the words of another great man, 'Because I like to hear a smart man talk!" Amusing as this remark may be, the attitude it reflects has great practical advantages.

Common sense teaches us that we are channels for the expression of the *principle of intelligence*. The "smart man" my grandfather knew himself to be was undoubtedly the inner man in touch with *all* knowledge. Cut off from our Source of supply, we soon are spent. As separate, independent units, we

find our limitations speedily. The conceited person is the one who believes that he, all by himself, accomplishes and creates. He gives no thought to the great sea of consciousness that has produced him or the forces of life active within him. When he says "I" he means the little man with two arms and two legs, two eyes, a nose and two hands—and a brain which he believes to be superior to other men's brains.

Whereas the really clever man is the one who has learned to bring through into expression—better yet, to let through—the forces which seek expression through him. Is it merely a singular coincidence that the very shape of a capital "I" is that of an erect pipe-line with a widening at the top for inflow and a widening at the bottom for outgo? It is as though the "I" were a channel for the fulness of Life to pass through into objective expression.

Let us but recognize these forces, invite them into our lives, and prepare for them—and we shall find ourselves flooded with every good thing.

The highest lesson that has so far been learned on this earth is that there is a self within that is superior to anything that can happen to it.

We are driven by fear—incapacitated—until this lesson is learned. Then we begin to live! We have real freedom when we know that we can choose the

REALIZE YOUR STRENGTH

way we will react to anything. We cannot always govern what happens to us, but we can govern what we do about it—which is really the important end of the matter.

In order to know what we can do, we must have an idea of what we are made of and what the nature of our workings may be.

When we approach the matter with unprejudiced minds, it's surprising how much we can discover that appeals to the logic and intelligence of even the most careless thinker. Let us keep our reasoning free from superstition, free from an unthinking acceptance, or a stubborn resistance. Let us remain unconfused by dogma or the sentiment of tender legends, whether they be fine and true or otherwise. Let's just try to see the truth about ourselves as far as our minds will carry us on the evidence at hand.

First, examine the fact that any animal or plant thrives and is apparently contented when it is in a situation or condition that suits its natural requirements. You will agree, I am sure, that most people are anything but happy and contented. If discord, pain, frustration and fear were the natural environment of man, we would like it. We would purr contentedly and settle down without complaint into our misery. But we don't do that. We lash around, groan, even kill ourselves to escape the

numerous states of discord to which we are unable to adjust ourselves.

We are never content in brutality, ugliness, lack, failure and discord—therefore, they must be "unnatural" to the real self of us.

We have been told that "man is born to misery," but every inner instinct rebels at the idea. It is abhorrent to us—not comfortably familiar. We strive to find and express happiness with all the mental and physical strength we possess. That we are often wrong in our ways of seeking happiness does not disprove that we are motivated by a deep ingrained belief in its possibility.

We are always seeking a way out of dilemmas. The Self of us is always prompting the mind with an urge to find a way out of problems. We battle them. We never cuddle into them and relax.

A few moments' examination of your own reaction to luck and trouble will quickly disabuse your mind of the accepted notion that man is born to misery. It is just as wrong to keep on believing this untruth in the light of what we now know of the facts about man as it is to continue believing that the world is flat, as was thought not too many years ago. The greatest leaders have never taught that man is a helpless worm. Jesus never said a word to that effect. In fact, his whole effort and demonstration

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were to prove the opposite. However, let's confine ourselves to our own common sense for a while.

You know perfectly well, if you are honest with yourself, that your nature is not chaotic, destructive, vicious or helpless. Sound logic will prove to you that your inner feeling about yourself is correct—that your fine intelligence can sustain your every upreaching ideal. Not once need you flout common sense.

There is no denying that our vision of the self is at present clouded by all kinds of negation and frustration. No person who feels himself confused should ever say, "I am this kind of person, or that." He doesn't know what he is, until he has found his inner self—and this self is never confused.

As we find the reality of ourselves, we acquire the vision, the courage, the inspiration we need.

We begin to expand in beauty, in health, in character—and our way is clear. We do not attain an uninteresting, effortless state of negative happiness, but we find the joy of being able to put the elements of life together in the right way. We find we are able to solve our problems, to feel more keenly, to think more, to have more and to be more. Not by a strenuous go-getter attack on life, but by knowing something of the forces back of what is seen with human eyes.

If you should show a little brown flower seed to someone who did not understand it and say to him, "This is not just a small brown object you see here -this is a wealth of beautiful flowers," he would think you highly imaginative if not actually a little loose-headed. Yet, I ask you to look at yourself in the mirror and say, "This is not just a man you see, limited to what he can experience with his five senses. Here is an exquisite pattern for a multiplication of strength and rightness. All the dazzling possibilities inherent in the pattern within me can be expressed. My life can be strong, useful, profitable to me and others. My body can be strong, dynamic, and produce many times its own strength and ideal of beauty, as I project myself forth into the world." The human being is a seed of divinity, just as the little brown grain is the seed of miraculous beauty.

Here the similarity ends, however, for the flower seed, in order to mature and become multiplied beauty, must be given its proper nourishment and position by elements outside itself; whereas a human being has merely to choose those beliefs and attitudes that bring him to great expression.

Let us not quarrel with those who think that thoughts are things. For our practical purposes, it is sufficient to observe that thought and emotion

REALIZE YOUR STRENGTH

gather energy in the personality that produces action, the right action to carry out the idea that gathered the energy. In other words, let us examine merely the actual effects in the material world and from that alone draw back to a logical hypothesis—to a plan or set-up that must necessarily exist to cause or support these common observations.

So, here you are—facing either success or failure. In no case are you getting all you should and could be getting from life, unless you have found the way to tap the inner resources of your personality. Then your slightest effort blooms into astonishing results.

Now, let me show you that the world we live in, at least the force back of it, is orderly, dependable and contains all that we need for complete wholeness. To regard life as a catch-as-catch-can confusion is to look at the seeming, not the real. Think for a moment of how each day follows the other with regularity and precision. The sun appears and disappears dependably. The principles of physical life are orderly and dependable. Two and two are always four. They never miss and sometimes become five or some other number. Two chemicals put together according to formula will always result in the same effect.

Cause and effect follow each other in orderly fashion always, not just sometimes.

The stars follow an orderly movement. Halley's comet comes every 76.08 years. There is a dependability about the universe. Where there is order, dependability, there must be intelligence. Whoever heard of a plan without a mind to plan it?

Life is not a grab-bag, a raffle. It is an orderly procedure that, if approached properly, will yield an orderly answer to our questions—a reasonable result from any effort we expend on it.

To realize that this dependable intelligence is found throughout all the natural world is a great help toward poise, for once we recognize it we can use it in all the details of living.

We become aware that it operates for us when we learn how to make contact with it.

Consider, too, this added evidence of the integrity and completeness of the universe: Science is finding the secret of every physical ill—and it is interesting to note that the cure of a disease is usually in the disease itself. The antibodies in a serum are but a changed form of the virus.

The solution of a problem is usually contained in the problem.

We are not helpless pawns in chaos. All we need are faith, knowledge and patience.

REALIZE YOUR STRENGTH

Life never excludes us. It is we who exclude and limit life. At any moment anyone may turn toward the God within him as a plant turns to the sun. The fulness, the bounty and the beauty of infinity invite us to lay hold of them.

When you understand that you are surrounded by, and interpenetrated with, God qualities, you can be at home anywhere in the world. Loneliness is forever banished. You may feel that no one cares, no human being. But you can always know that the Universe cares because it invests you with *itself* and presses upon you with beneficence at all times.

Happiness comes to the heart that is thus oriented in reality. We no longer seek frantically for external satisfactions. And the strange truth is that when we are no longer tense about them, they come in abundance. But they elude us as long as we make a god of them. Deep joy comes from a proper estimate of the relative importance of things.

The happiest woman I know says that since she changed her idea of God and Life, she can close her eyes at any time and almost feel physically the helpful, encouraging presence of loving Intelligence all about her—the warming, heartening accompaniment of forces that renew, rebuild—whose very nature it is to rush into any chance for expression. Life with its Divine Intelligence beats at our stupidity. It

forces its way into any tiny crevice the mind may accidentally or purposely make for it.

One touch of truth can reclaim a man. One little ray of light can show a path. Such is the power of light over darkness.

But we must also realize that the action of Life is not heavy and laborious, for all its force. Life is buoyant. It is beautiful. It is bright. When we put on a long face and are heavily serious in our approach to it, we lose the lightness of touch that gives us grace and facility in dealing with it. Joyousness is a part of all true devotion.

We should not approach such a bright-faced, friendly presence with grim heaviness. Stupidity and stolidity are glum and serious, with dark countenances. The face brightens when intelligence flashes across the mind and we say of anything, "I see!" with all the delight of discovery.

How can one ever be alone, when the very life of him is part of the great *One Life?* How can one ever be lost when the only being he has is of God? Does God cast off parts of Himself?

It is the false dream of separation from God that makes us lonely, discordant, warped, and in some cases insane.

Would it not be absurd for a spring-fed lake to declare itself independent of the sources of its being?

REALIZE YOUR STRENGTH

How long would it exist without the renewing, refreshing intake of water?

Consider, for a moment, that the spring water which enters it is not only *like* the lake it feeds— it becomes the lake! The lake cannot continue to be itself unless the springs become it. Looking at the springs one cannot say that they are a lake. Looking at the lake, one cannot say it is the springs. Yet in essence they are one and the same thing.

So it is with our source and us. We are not God. God is not we. Yet we are the one and the same essence.

God is the exhaustless stream that becomes us at a certain level of consciousness.

Therefore, we do not share God as hungry children given a portion of bread. He does not dole Himself out to us. He is the life within us. He is the mind within us. And without Him we are nothing. We become finer expressions of ourselves as we include God, the Source of those selves, and open up to that Source.

It is easy for many people to sense that God has breathed life into them and that they embody many of His qualities in varying degree. But I have been astonished by the number of people who have a punishing sense of separation from God.

They can believe that they sprang from the great

sea of God-consciousness, but they have no feeling of continued contact with it. It is as though they pictured themselves as a cup of water dipped from this Ocean of Divinity. But the cup is set to one side and is rapidly evaporating.

No wonder they are frantic and harassed! No wonder poise and peace elude them. No wonder sighs of futility ride their breath and loneliness chills their hearts. How sad and unnecessary!

Contrast this state with the serenity and the joyous beauty of realizing always that you are One with the One God and every movement of Life in His Universe.

Life waits at the door of your mind with every conceivable possibility of good and joy. You have but to open that door and invite whatever you wish into your consciousness.

III

FORGIVE AND PROGRESS

The Second Thing to Do: Sanitize your mind by forgiving everybody, including yourself.

physical cleanliness. Forgiveness is not a personal favor when you receive it, or a personal glory when you give it. It is a practical workaday principle without which the world would bog down and come to nothing. It is a principle of progress inherent in the laws of life that sustain us.

Life holds nothing against us.

What do you do when you forgive? Is the matter really wiped out or do you merely shelve it for future reference? How many people have you heard say, "I can forgive, but I can't forget"? Such a statement is a mere admission that the speaker wants to have his cake and eat it too. He wants to enjoy the credit of forgiveness and also to nurse his wound.

Forgiveness is an entire elimination of the issue and a starting again with a clean slate. It is a new

beginning-a complete blotting out of the offense.

Forgiveness is, in a sense, a surgical operation. All the offending growth or material must be removed, else the trouble may start again. Everything that comes in contact with it must be sterilized to prevent fresh infection.

We all collect an accumulation of mental debris, emotional odds and ends, bits of embarrassment, failures, resentments and all their unwholesome ilk. Often we cling to it as stubbornly as though it were valuable. We cherish it, mull it over—a heap as unattractive and unsanitary as any other trash or junk.

The cleanest housekeeper, the daintiest woman, the most fastidious man, often carry around in their minds the purtrefying leftovers of past experience. If they should carry the counterpart of this unsanitary performance into the physical world, they would be the first to shrink from it in disgust. But they derive some strange pleasure from reliving rightcous (?) indignation, rehearsing a long-ago quarrel, remembering a hurt, nursing a wounded vanity, or cherishing an uncomplimentary estimate of a neighbor. The kitchen garbage is disposed of properly and forgotten. The mental refuse is carried around carefully.

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Forgiveness is not a religious invention. It is a principle that permeates the natural world.

Consider our bodies: how often they forgive our sins against them! Our offenses of diet, for instance. The defensive mechanism of the body, its protective chemistry, adjusts itself so far as possible to any unfortunate situation and ameliorates the effect of the offense. Often the body can heroically handle foreign and unfriendly matter without hurt to itself.

The healing forces of nature as expressed in our bodies display the highest degree of intelligence as they strive to maintain normalcy. Few people stop to think that their bodies are capable of extraordinary adjustments.

At all times there is the natural disposition to make matters right again, to heal any offense and to proceed as normally as possible. This process might be called forgiveness on the plane of the body. It carries on until there is an organic breakdown or other unsurmountable conditions arise.

If you cut your hand, the healing forces have started to act with such lightning quickness that they will have begun before the knife has left the wound. Though science may say, "Nature unaided fails," science would also fail without the wonderful

forces in nature at its command! Only nature can heal.

An injured tree will patiently close new bark over a wound, however large it may be. Such is the beneficence of natural laws as part of a universe of integrity.

We do not suffer for our sins completely. If we did, we should all perish much sooner.

Among the more poisonous items of the mental debris is unforgiveness of ourselves. We would be much more likely to forgive others if we could eliminate our own sense of guilt. You will be surprised when you examine your mind deeply to find fragments of guilt lodged here and there in it.

One of the interesting things to watch in other people is their sense of drama about themselves caused by the guilt pattern. One should not only watch it *in* oneself, but watch *out* for it.

The human animal is determined to be entertained by itself. Not a harmful hunger, unless one has decided to be a persecuted heroine or hero or a dark and dreadful character. The persecution complex is the hardest to deal with.

The average case of acute self-consciousness is usually found to be also a problem of self-dramatization. The whole array of peculiar justifications the

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human mind manufactures and stumbles over could be eliminated by forgiveness. What a blanket coverage it is!

Forgiveness reaches its healing fingers even into the business world—that side of life supposed to be dominated by the most ruthless of tactics. Merciful laws of bankruptcy have been provided to bring relief to the suffering man who has for any reason accumulated an unbearable burden of debt. The fact that these laws are shamelessly abused has nothing to do with their intent.

In apparent defiance of justice, refuting the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the debt-ridden man is forgiven his debts. He is not told to pay them when he can (though he often does as an individual); he is completely absolved of them. He goes out from the decision of the court set up for that purpose a free man.

"How," one asks, "in the hard, scheming world of finance, did such a merciful release ever come into existence?"

The real explanation is not as sentimental and kind as it at first appears. But please note that any law of man or the universe that operates to maintain wholeness and balance is kind in its effect. The whole urge and movement of nature is to hold itself complete, intrinsically unviolated. One eventually

comes to see the ultimate kindness and rightness evident in the universal scheme of things. Not a sentimental or moral kindness, but the inevitable kindness inseparable from pure intelligence.

Why is the bankrupt man set free? Because governments and communities have experienced the actual expense of doing otherwise. A man, harassed and burdened by debt, loses sleep, his digestion becomes impaired, his health is finally wrecked. If nothing happens to change his unhappy lot (no matter whose fault it was) he finally becomes a public charge.

The community must support him and all his dependents. As a taxpayer, a contributor to the community and government, he no longer exists. Whatever he used to spend is lost to local business. He no longer gives to charities and other institutions that are a part of public welfare.

No matter how small his place may have been, he is valuable to the community. So valuable, in fact, that it has been found worth while to keep him there in a solvent state.

If the solvency of a human being is precious to community life where hard-driven bargains are the accepted practice, how much greater, then, is his importance to a universe apparently bent on main-

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taining its order and balance and the integrity of its wholeness! Not by refuting law but by fulfilling it!

No matter what kind of tangle we may have fallen into or created for ourselves, we find ourselves judged and condemned usually by a limited authority. But the decision may be reversed by a court with wider powers. The lower court is required to render a decision on factual evidence, let the chips fall where they may.

The higher courts are allowed to bring a wider vision to bear. These courts are permitted to consider what effect their decisions will have on the body politic, the community, the nation. Mercy, amelioration, wisely applied, is good economy, sound administration.

If one must gamble on the charitable mood of a God who may be tenderly forgiving one minute and angrily punishing the next, life is indeed a sorry uncertainty. But he can have a loving faith in a God and universe whose primary object is to maintain its normal wholeness.

The universe is not interested in punishment.

Its whole movement is to make right again; which, after all, can be called forgiveness. Life holds nothing against us.

The universe moves forward. It does not concern itself with the past, no matter how bright or ill.

Why waste time blaming and crying over spilled milk when there is so much to be done and so much to do it with! It is like sitting down to cry in a candy-store because one piece of chocolate was taken away from you or you dropped it. Why not take another piece and go on?

Our eyes are blinded to new opportunity when they are filled with tears over that which is lost.

The wages of so-called sin, according to logic and the laws of cause and effect, is death. But with every urge of nature ameliorating, adjusting, making right again—in other words, forgiving—we seldom meet the full effect of the wrong we do. Such is the mercy of life. Though laws do exist and their action is accurate and dependable, one must not overlook the spontaneous qualities inherent in Mind.

Reason is not cheated by forgiveness. Rather is intelligence exalted, for higher forces are brought into play through forgiveness. True, effect follows cause in a set, mechanical pattern. A certain stimulus does bring its definite result or reaction. Chaos, however, does not result from the introduction of another thought or element that can alter the whole course or pattern.

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When you were a child, did you ever have a kaleidoscope? When you looked into it you saw a beautiful symmetrical pattern or design made up of many small pieces of brightly colored glass. But by the slightest turn to the left or right, you could change the pattern. All you had to do was to dislodge one tiny fragment of glass and lo! as in a natural sequence all the other pieces fell into another position.

And so with us—one little act, sometimes one thought, changes the entire pattern of our lives!

Retribution and revenge act on the principle that nothing new can be brought into the situation to dilute it or change it.

Intelligence knows that new elements can be introduced at any time, that new and beautiful designs can be created on the spot.

When people imagine they have reached the end of their rope, it is because they think that the universe has ceased to be whole, that God is no longer creative and that Life is no longer lively.

It is true that cause and effect are absolute. But let us draw a picture here that illustrates how the effect may be altered. Let us assume that you have done a wrong and that your punishment is inevitable. Your wrong act has set the result into operation and nothing can stop its fruition, you say.

That would be true if the universe were not so rich in possibilities.

Suppose you have thrown a ball without realizing that it may do great damage. It is traveling with dangerous speed toward a child. At the time you throw the ball, there is nothing that can possibly stop its reaching its destructive end. It is out of the reach of your guidance and the ball is going to travel by the laws of force, gravity, etc.—all of which may not be tampered with by a mere human wish.

Can nothing alter the predetermined course of the ball? Would a miracle have to occur to save the situation? Certainly not. It it not likely, but entirely possible, that any number of things could intervene between the ball and its aim. Someone may leap up and catch it. A strong wind may veer its course. The child may lean over to pick a flower and the ball would roll harmlessly to the ground.

Any of these things could happen without cheating a single law of cause and effect. Yet the result that seemed inevitable at first has not occurred.

So many of our rescues are through such familiar and natural occurrences that we often discount their importance. We do not recognize the hand of God in our affairs unless some unearthly thing happens.

We are reminded of the man of little faith who.

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while mending the roof of his house, started to fall off it. As he slid, he prayed frantically, "O God, save me! Save me!" His trousers caught on an old protruding nail and stopped his fall. He quickly adjusted his thinking and said indifferently, "Never mind, God. I hung on a nail."

Lest we believe that God grants some people forgiveness and withholds it from others, let us see clearly that we are at all times dealing with natural law. If we expect rescues contrary to established patterns of natural action, we shall be disappointed. Also, we must have complied with those laws before they become operative for us.

But we should realize sharply that there are many natural laws we have not as yet discovered.

However, let us keep to the larger view of our subject, lest we become lost in a maze of minutiæ. We have gone into these bypaths merely to show that forgiveness is to be found under many guises in almost every place where intelligence functions.

A belief in a mechanistic universe, without mercy, without spontaneous ability to alter a course of action, is a deadly, paralyzing influence.

The guilt pattern, which is about the first one impressed upon us, causes us to accept with bowed head and meckness the notion that we are going to be punished, that we must carry the burden of being

penalized, until it is absolved by payment. While this idea may be just and true on its own plane, it does not take into account the higher law of forgiveness, mercy, mental health and the refreshing, purifying forces of the stream of consciousness itself.

Certain sects among the Hindus believe that they must live out and pay for their past sins through many incarnations. They call this the Law of Karma. Under this belief, action is uselsss, since everyone is being punished for something—working out a burden of spiritual debt.

So they sit listlessly in the sun by their huts with no hope except a vague, remote someday when their debt will be paid—perhaps in a thousand or a million years! And, since almost anything they do is regarded as a sin, they do little or nothing. Karma, a mechanistic absolutism, enchains countless minds. We, of the Occident, may be horrified by this belief, yet we all carry a taint of it ourselves.

Our sense of fair play is outraged by the thought of going free from punishment of wrongs. It is hard for us to understand mercy and forgiveness as being separate from sentimentality. And besides, we reason, doesn't too much talk of these things simply encourage wrongdoing? No, because the mind that can understand it is ready for it. And when we get enough discord, enough pain, enough

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unhappiness from the wrong adjustment to life, we are all too ready to avoid them.

Also, we are actually more valuable after we have made mistakes.

A person who knows the fallacy of doing something in the wrong, unwise way, isn't likely to do it again. Whereas the person who doesn't know the pitfalls may carelessly walk into them.

Colonel A. B. Chandler, for many years Chairman of the Board of the Postal-Telegraph Company, told me that he was always nervous about a new employee until the man had made a grave mistake. After that, the newcomer became a careful employee. Until he made a mistake he was an unknown quantity!

On one occasion a man who had made an embarrassing and expensive error came to the Colonel and after admitting his mistake, offered his resignation. The Colonel replied, "I wouldn't think of allowing you to leave now. You've just become a valuable employee. I know you'll never permit such a thing to occur again. You'll be on the alert."

On a country place in Connecticut, the chauffeur who had driven the family out from the city thought he would lend a hand in cleaning up the weeds about the place. Without telling anyone of his in-

tention—and without even a Boy Scout training to warn him that it's always best to work in pairs—he calmly set fire to a little pile of leaves. He didn't know that a woodsman or a countryman would have raked a wide trench around his fire before he lighted it.

The fire crept quickly to the sides. He fought it on one side, but the other end of it got away from him. Finally, in panic, he called for help. The wind was blowing the high blaze right toward a thick tall woodland that stretched more than a mile directly in the path of the wind. And in that mile of woodland were several houses and other valuable property. Only the most heroic effort of a dozen or so men saved the whole mountain from becoming a devastated, blackened area.

The chauffeur was ashamed and horrified by what he had done. His employer, however,—tired, burned, grimy with soot—told the unhappy man, "Now I can trust you. Any tenderfoot is likely to do damage with fire, but now you're initiated. You'll never light another dangerous fire, or permit one to be lighted if you can help it. Now you're one of us. Shake hands!"

These stories are not told to encourage people in making mistakes, but in the hope that having made them they will profit by them. All too often any

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wisdom and value to be gained from a mistake is swallowed up in the resulting feeling of inferiority and guilt. We ought to form the habit of forgiveness until it is as regular and as casual as the brushing of our teeth.

For the ordinary mistakes of life, we ought not to burden our futures with a heavy, lasting weight of guilt.

We ought to throw out every unpleasant memory, after we have examined it for any possible worth it may have had. Do not let such memories accumulate. Whether they are fifty years old or five minutes young, brush them out of your modern, streamlined mind. Keep your subconscious as clean as possible.

By forgiving ourselves, we take the *value* of the mistake with us, resolutely turning our backs on the rest of it. The healthful winds of life blow away the dried dust of past errors. The waters of the stream of healing and of forgiveness purify and refresh the fainting heart. The ocean of time washes out the footprints in the sands of temporal experience. And we stand on the solid rock of eternal reality facing only love and wisdom. All else is blotted out, left behind. The day is fresh and new for us, because the forgiveness of the universe has erased our debt and left us free!

IV

PAINT YOUR OWN PICTURE

The Third Thing to Do: Discover how you picture God to be.

S OMETIMES THE MIND agrees, but the heart will not follow. It lingers, understandably, over some dear familiar concept, whether it be correct or erroneous.

If one derives a sense of warmth and comfort from thinking of God as a kindly, fatherly person and finds it difficult to relinquish that concept, let him be comforted by the knowledge that no such adjustment is really necessary to his use of the therapeutic value of this book.

If God is real to the mind and is perceived as expressing nothing but love at all times, the emotional effect will be identical with the wider, more intellectual view. Indeed, if one perceives the principles of which I speak as cold and unloving, I recommend that he cling to his view of a personal God. But I do not see Mind as cold. I have stated that pure intelligence is by its very nature kind,

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healing, constructive, forgiving, inspiring, helpful, loving and available.

The reason for my wish to alter anyone's concept of his God is based on the knowledge that much of the confusing fear and much of the strangling, unwholesome feeling of guilt that burdens us in our progress can be laid at the door of the belief in an angry and jealous God. Those of us who have heard of the thundering God of the early twentieth-century evangelists, have almost smelled brimstone. So vivid was the picture that we have practically seen a sinner's hair singeing when he was snatched from the horrible fate of God's wrath by the simple expedient of saying that he was saved!

One got religion in those days at a certain time, just as he got his wisdom teeth and long pants. One heard of the gentle Jesus from the roaring, leaping, frenzied preachers who invited us to the mourners' bench. (I went up the sawdust trail convicted of sin at the age of eight. I had no intention of spending my future in a fiery abyss.)

Then, at the height of high-pitched excitement, the hoarse exhorter called to us to be rescued, then flung himself into a chair, mopping his brow and straightening his hair and clothes while a large choir burst into a pæan of glory, later subsiding to the

pleading chant of hymns like "Almost Persuaded," accompanied by a grand-piano and brass band.

A little girl attending church for the first time had been cautioned by all the grown members of her family to be very quiet in church. It was impressed upon her that one must have particularly good manners in the house of God. During the sermon the minister suddenly struck out on a theme of denunciation of those things and people he conceived as being the embodiment of evil. He waved his arms over his head. He fairly shouted his resentment of sin. He pounded his pulpit. The tiny girl was shocked. Her eyes were filled with horror. She turned to her mother and said in a voice that could be heard all over the church, "Mother, what on earth is he so rude about? I thought you said people were polite in church!"

There is not the slightest desire to ridicule in my reporting these scenes. If that is what it takes to make people aware of the presence of God, so be it. Theological misconceptions laid aside, one is justified in looking back with some nostalgia to so vital a religion. How arguments pale before the feeling of God's nearness—even a terrible, vengeful God who would destroy us, burn us alive for displeasing Him!

There was drama in the church in those days!

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The minister gave the plot, acted the characters, furnished the sound effects, then, mounting emotion upon fine oratory, gave us a final rescue. After which we went home exhausted—but purified. These emotional drubbings scoured us as clean and shining as our Sunday faces after coming to grips with the best castile soap.

Would that the church of today would devote itself to religion—even that kind. One goes wistfully through the land searching for a house of God that gives Him the center position of importance. We go to church in the hope of hearing something of God's nearness, His love and care for us, that we may lay down the harassing burdens of the material world for the spiritual refreshment of true worship.

Otherwise, we who go to church out of loyalty to civilized ideals must simply sit during the service and preach our own sermon silently. We need inspired men in our pulpits, not smug theologians. We want to warm our cold minds at the fire of our minister's deep and impassioned belief in God. We want the quiet comfort of its glow.

But no, in too many instances, our souls must hunger, our worldly bruises receive no heavenly balm, because the minister is upset over some political situation. He wants censorship pressed. He harrangues us with his special long list of indigna-

tions during the period alloted to the sermon, then delivers a hasty prayer—very much aware that the service must not be over-long because motors wait at the door and appointments must be kept. More disturbed than when we went in because we now have community and world woes to add to our own, we go home wondering why we can't recapture the religious feeling of long ago.

Who is responsible for substituting temporal affairs for those of God in the modern church service? Whoever it is, he has robbed us of a precious possession. The nourishment of weary minds, the refreshment of tired bodies through the stimulating touch of divine inspiration are neglected.

The church of God has an important mission to perform in modern life. It is needed. True religion is the finest means of keeping us related to the finest within us—and to keep the loving helpfulness of God before our minds. Realizing their own hunger and necessity, people are turning back to the church, but they will turn away again if they do not get what they seek there.

Give the pulpits back to God and the church will have the greatest renaissance in history. People are reaching out to them. Will they fail to feed the hungry minds, fail to clothe the naked hopes, fail to minister to the sickened psyche of people lonely for

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God? Asking for bread, will they give us stones—the stones of politics, crime, what's wrong with Hollywood, discussions of make-up and the right length of a skirt?

We are tired, baffled, bruised, lonely. We want the healing of God's presence, the comfort of His love. We do not want to hear about our own and everyone else's shortcomings. Perhaps if we were sufficiently inspired, we wouldn't have so many of them.

Up in the country a new minister took over a forlorn little church that even at Easter boasted a congregation of about forty people, and on other Sundays about fifteen. This new pastor called and wanted to know if we expected to attend the church. We answered him with such swiftness and fervor that he must have been surprised and perhaps shocked.

We'd love to come to church, we said, if we were going to hear about God and good, but we certainly had no intention of spending another Sunday listening to any man's personal opinions of worldly affairs. We had our own ideas of them, anyway. If he intended to give the church back to God, we would be overjoyed to come. Not only that, but we prophesicd that if the word got round in the surrounding miles that there was actually a church near at

hand where one could go and really worship and be refreshed by the feeling of the nearness of God, the services would be crowded every Sunday.

What effect our words had we have no way of knowing, for perhaps the new minister had already resolved to devote his church to the worship of God. But we hear that the little church is comfortably filled at each service and the congregation is larger each Sunday.

I was dismayed to hear that a band of theologians in New Haven had voted to give much of their time and influence to public matters. If they do, the handwriting on the wall will be seen again and the church will reject the most urgent invitation it has had since it rejected, through negligence and internal discord, the invitation of Kublai Khan, the great Oriental conqueror, to teach Christianity to Asia's millions.

Christian Science keeps to religion and its churches are filled. A man in New York who never preaches of anything but the efficacy of God's presence fills the greatest hall in the city every Sunday morning and turns hundreds of people away; while in a certain Fifth Avenue church the indignant minister preaches to empty pews and on Easter morning scolds the people who have come for a blessing because they do not attend all the time!

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I have often thought that the word "service" is very appropriate for the ideal program of church worship. It is indeed a service to humanity to provide a place set apart from worldly affairs where we may go to ponder the wonders of Life and silently seek contact with its Author. We have come back to church a sadder and wiser people.

The logic of our contention that we can worship just as well without churches falls reasonably on our minds, but unsatisfyingly on our hearts. Perhaps the actual symbolism of going within ourselves is carried out in going to church and therefore impresses us. Nothing is compelling us to go back to church. Nothing has happened to strike superstitious fear into our minds. We are drifting back of our own free will as children return to the caress of a loving parent, having been away where it was not to be had. The greatest opportunity the church has had since the World War is before it today.

We could do without churches just as we could do without libraries and stores, if we wanted to do without books and weave our own cloth. It is possible to do without any organized presentation of anything; but it isn't particularly intelligent. We could do without the making and distribution of automobiles. Since the principle of them is public property, each man could make his own in his back yard.

One can only imagine the fantastic result! Theoretically, we can do without anything—but in practice it doesn't work out very well.

When one speaks of the blessing derived from going to church, he is not referring to some superstitious advantage gained thereby. Devotion to a garden, a love, or a religion, makes it grow more beautiful for us. Devotion to our religious services not only deepens their meaning for us, but it also makes us fair and honorable citizens to give a portion of our time and money to support the civilizing highest thought of man. Much of our protective, ethical and moral code is the indirect effect of organized religion—even with all its faults. We should not take without giving something of ourselves.

It isn't that you will not go to heaven if you do not go to church. I am sure divine Mind is too busy to run around every Sunday morning to see who did not go to church and mark it up against them. There are some things we must require of ourselves as mature people, without a compelling fear or superstition. It is a question of loyalty to ideals, a question of etiquette, of courtesy. The church steeple that pierces the sky is the symbol of gentleness as opposed to force, of love as opposed to hate, of consideration as opposed to brutality—and as such we and our children owe much of our safety to it.

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And a gentleman pays his debts, not just his monetary obligations, but his moral and ethical ones as well.

It isn't really vital to a man's spiritual health and mental soundness whether he follows a religion that believes in baptizing him all over or just on top or allows him to stay bone-dry. Theology's quibbles simply becloud the main issue of realizing as much as possible of God's perfection in our daily living. A great direct simplicity of approach is needed.

The church would do well to discard all its involved mysticism and take for its whole text and import, "He in me and I in Thee." This is the kernel of Christianity, but it is hard to find it in the maze of theological meanderings. There is strength in simplicity and directness. If churches could unite in the one vital message of Christianity, they could be a power that no evil could resist.

Real faith is willing to commit itself to that in which it has faith. Demanding to see every step of the way is faith with its tongue in its cheek. What need have we, then, for a separating theology that tries variously to interpret life before and after death? The modern mind is politely interested in the after-life, but its real concern is with this one. We want a here-and-now God, not a remote and hazy Deity.

What comfort there is in the knowledge that God is so vast, so omnipresent, that within His greatness He is capable of any type of interpretation! He answers, no matter how we call Him or what we picture Him to be. For that reason, one man's God is as potent as another's. The magnanimity of divine response opens itself to every man.

The universality of God brings Him near to us all. Whether we see Him as a pervading principle, or an aloof, but kindly monarch, we can reach out with whatever mind and strength we have and touch His sustaining hand. This truth is back of the atheist's statement that man creates God and not God man. Man does create his own God—that is, his own conception of God—but none of our imaginings or skepticism can alter the fact that there is a sustaining intelligence in the universe and that human beings have access to it through the uses of their minds and emotions.

So broad is it that it becomes to us what we become to it. In other words, we see it only as we express it. It is real to us only as we recognize it. It is for this reason that I perceive God to be pervading principle, rather than an enlarged human being.

Principle is simply present, available, but we must turn to it in order to experience its benefits. The principle of Mind or God might be called the super-

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principle, since it includes and pervades all others. It hasn't the coldness and absolutism of principles like electricity, dynamics, physics, gravity, attraction and repulsion and all the others.

Intelligence includes the principles of love, all-knowing and feeling. Since all knowledge is included in its breadth, we find that it contains beauty and art as well as strength. Knowledge, being a positive quality, can have no equality with any negation. Therefore, in the strong light of positive intelligence, we find evil dwindling and disappearing. There is no place for it. It can exist only in ignorance.

The loving forethought evidenced in the instantly available blessings of Mind awakens our gratitude and admiration for so loving a Father. I use the personal terminology throughout the book to preserve for us the warmth of our accepted impression of the parental attitude. It applies as well to the brooding, hovering care seen in the principle of Mind.

When walking through a country landscape we pause for rest under the spreading arms of a great tree, we are grateful for the foresight of some longago habitant who planted it there for posterity. We know that he cared for those who were to come after him. He wanted his children's children and

other people's children's children to enjoy its beauty

When a bright-faced young couple carrying a smiling infant stand in line at a bank to make a deposit, we know they are preparing for the future of their child. When a work-worn man with a slim lad beside him pays his hard-earned dollars into an insurance fund, we know it is for the boy, that he may have an education. The father cares about his son. When a great community prepares playgrounds and supervised play for its children, we know it is because of an intense caring. How can we view the blessings and opportunities of Life without also perceiving that there was a great caring behind it all?

Would a universe, the principles of which were coldly impersonal and didn't care, have instituted the healing forces that are everywhere active? If there were no caring back of Life, would there have been so insistent an urge to grow and express? The irrepressible quality of the principle of Life is primafacie evidence that the universe does care and cares intensely.

But in so positive a principle as pure intelligence with its perfect preparation for every contingency in either the physical or mental sphere, there would

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seem to be no reason or room for any idea other than that of wholeness.

There can be no contingency in which Mind cannot right any expression of itself by expressing more of itself. Therefore, there can be no lack of any kind within Mind. It is inclusive, conclusive and will express its wholeness and perfection at any point its natural laws have been complied with.

At any time one turns receptively and eagerly to the great principle of Mind, he receives from it what he asks. Mind is a great pressure of expressive energy. When one is receptive through his faith in it, he creates a place, so to speak, for it to reach into according to the pressure inherent in it. Faith does not create Mind or its power. Faith does not cause God to reward us because he pities our helplessness. Faith does not alter the movement of divine Mind in the least.

Faith is acceptance and makes it immediately possible for mind to aid us specifically.

Without our acceptance nothing can really reach us. Thus faith is a positive, practical mental technique. It is no mysterious hocus-pocus.

Of course, if one is asked to have faith in some hazy notion that seems to be nice, kind, and sweet because the gentle ladies prefer to think of it that way, I do not wonder that strong men and vigorous

minds turn from the idea. But the most strongminded, the most earth-bound and practical person, provided his thinking is clear, can see that faith in intelligent principles is simply intelligent. Or if he objects to the word faith because of some prejudice, he can simply say with equal truth that he accepts an idea or agrees with it instead of having faith in it. The terminology cannot alter the facts.

Whoever opens his mind to the Mind of the universe cannot but be blessed by a swift inflow of ideas and energy.

There are many people who will tell you that ideas and energy are the same thing—that they are two ends of the same stick—that one begets the other as an exact likeness of itself.

It is conceivable that people who lead a busy life and are themselves under the pressure of many demands on their time and attention, prefer to think of God as an unharassed principle instead of as an incredibly busy enlargement of themselves.

No man with twenty telephones on his desk, board meetings to attend, decisions to make, tax reforms to read, his wife's birthday and his baby's illness on his mind, can conceive of a Deity as having a human mind to reach to the millions of details in the uni-

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verse. He finds a personal God too small for the job before him.

The vastness of the universe, the complexity of human affairs, the reaches of the other worlds known to be larger than this one, stagger the mind with their immensity. No, the human executive cannot conceive of Deity as being like himself. He would regard such a Deity as inadequate, undependable.

He derives great comfort and satisfaction from the concept of God as principle, interpenetrating every part of the world with its pure intelligence, waiting at the door of every man's mind, as the truth and rightness in every situation, as the answer to every question, the solution to every problem, as the life of his life and the mind of his mind. This is satisfying nearness, believable, truly a masterpiece of love for him as well as for all other men.

Being busy himself, he does not feel free to engage the attention of a personal, busy God to aid him. He knows what interruptions mean. The more of a polite gentleman he is, the more he is annoyed by the thought of taking this personal God's attention from people or affairs who need it even more than he does, yet he'd like to feel a caring and a nearness that didn't seem to rob someone else. The personal God seems to possess certain human limitations, try as one will to think of it otherwise.

But it is also conceivable that the person who leads a leisurely life, whose days are more or less uneventful, who has free hours to visit the sick and write letters to distant relatives and has time on her hands, can accept and enjoy a personal God. In the scope of her mental world there is no need for a vast program of activity, therefore a God of leisurely and neighborly habits fits into her picture perfectly.

And the great universe rolls on, tolerant, intelligent, responsive, creative, taking every opportunity for expression granted it by the groping of man's mind—unable by the law of its and man's being to aid man except as man accepts it and uses it. For man is, in this wise, if in no other, created in the image and likeness of God. He is master of his own domain. And natural law will not break its own law.

Scheming men may try to impose their wills upon each other, may seek to dominate another man's right of decision—but not the universe! All of Life awaits the decision of man to live it. All the Being of this and other worlds awaits man's decision to be more. All the intelligence of universal Mind awaits man's decision to know more.

Even the man who says there is no God of any

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kind is using the energy of Life, which is God, to say it.

The universe does not discriminate against him. The laws of cause and effect operate for him just as though he had not denied the intelligence in them. The universe is not swayed by anything man does—good or bad. It simply keeps on being itself—giving, expressing, creating, moving with its inherent surge of Life and Intelligence.

All men, criminal, beggar, thief, saint and atheist, find Life responsive and the prayer in their whole acceptance of anything answered before they speak.

Prayer and Faith are beautiful old-fashioned words. Some version of them is necessary to human happiness. One expects to find the older writers speaking of them. But it comes as an interesting and delightful surprise to note that the most modern and casual newspaper columnists as well as the clergy are talking of their efficacy. O. O. McIntyre said that the calmest man he knows gets up every morning repeating the Biblical injunction, "Be not afraid!"

We need not turn to the editorials of Lincoln's day to read of faith and prayer in the newsprint. Elsie Robinson, that downright realist who sees modern life so clearly, exhorts her readers to prayer. She says just to get down on your knees and try it—

no matter how silly you may feel at first, whether you believe in it or not—and your answer will eventually come. Bruce Barton speaks of a Something Within striving to reach the Greater Something Without.

To those fortunate people whose minds are sufficiently poetic and intuitive to accept prayer and faith without question, to them we say *all honor*. It is indeed a high mind that can reach an accurate conclusion without evidence and argument. It is a great inner knowing that such people are able to touch.

The mind within us, being the one Mind, does know everything.

It is indeed beautiful to be able to have the cleareyed faith of a little child in turning to the parent God. And it is true that when one reaches this point there is no further use for words. We can then just be still and know.

But for the majority of us it is impossible to rise except on reason. And since today there is much in scientific discovery that supports the poets and the religious mystics, why not give reasoning minds their necessary satisfaction so that faith may come sooner to them with its rich blessings and high beauties. Must it be blind faith? Too much has been said about faith as a mysterious unearthly quality.

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The amount of faith necessary for spiritual thinking and living is no more than that you exhibit when you turn on a water faucet in the belief that water will come out of it.

Indeed why shouldn't it! The faucet is simply the receiving end of an intelligent plan of pipes and supply. No law of God or man is offended by your receiving the water. The miraculous, the unusual, would be evident in your not receiving it when you turn on the faucet. It reaches you by established laws of conduction, gravity, force, heat and cold.

One could, of course, hire a drill and dig a well every time he wanted water; but this would be a silly waste, would it not? It is just as foolish to think of having to invoke some mysterious attention from a remote God when we feel in need of it. It is already at hand. The pipes and the plan are already established. We receive by turning the faucet of our minds so that the pipes of our thinking and feeling can bring blessings and truth into realization in our lives.

I have never met anyone who did not believe in some kind of God or universal order.

A man may protest that he is an atheist, but under careful questioning you learn that he has faith in

any number of things which, after all, are attributes of God.

Faith is a natural part of our lives. A man has faith that his car will start when he steps on the starter. He has a right to his faith if he has put a battery behind it.

When we have connected ourselves with the power of the universe by conscious recognition of our oneness with it, why shouldn't we confidently expect its blessings as a natural—not a supernatural—occurrence?

In some religious circles there seems to be a scorn of mental processes—and feeling alone is valued. One remembers the somewhat pathetic Coué, with his wonderful but much misunderstood idea. A minister accused him of flouting God because he dealt with mere mental suggestion in his healing and helping and said not a word about divine help. His answer was, "I am eager to know by what process of reasoning, this man, himself a minister of God, has arrived at the conclusion that the human mind is not a Divine organ."

One may indeed wonder how a man would know what he felt if he had not a mind to know it! Logic tells us that Mind is divine and that feeling comes after knowing.

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But we shall not forget that it is possible to know a thing intuitively without visible evidence.

Reasoning simply leads the mind to see the truth. It cannot force itself or be forced upon us. Thought is but a stepladder which we climb to heightened consciousness.

We shall proceed faster if we can also see that mind is a principle like mathematics—free for everyone to use, available to everybody. Nothing is more democratic than intelligence. It plays no favorites, does not visit one social stratum more than another. It is a great common factor and benefactor open to all.

So, let us not waste time in trying to separate thought and Mind, feeling and knowing.

The great unity and Oneness of All simplifies life for us. It is our greatest advantage.

Prayer, then, as the modern man conceives it, is a turning of one's mind expectantly toward a responsive principle.

It may, at first glance, appear to be supplication, but indeed the heart that knows God is never under the necessity of begging for favor. It has the comfortable assurance that a confident child has in a loving parent. A child brought up with a feeling of security in his parents' love does not doubt them

or their willingness, even eagerness, to give to him continually.

No one who truly understands, who appreciates the elaborate plans of Life for giving us all we can take, would even dream of begging Life to be other than it is.

Prayer, in the highest sense, then, is a feeling of oneness with God—of placing ourselves in the direct light of his love where his blessings can shine upon us fully in whatever special way seems to be the present desire or need.

Prayer changes us-not God!

If the God of our prayers can be less than loving, wise and generous at all times, we are worshiping a demigod, not the true Deity, who is always giving. True prayer puts us in the already existing current of blessings. Is not this more sublime, than the thought of God's leaving all his other duties and taking the time to make a decision about what is best for you at the moment?

We should not leave prayer for a bedtime observance or a Sunday morning exercise, though these are infinitely better than none. One should learn to walk each day in that spirit of oneness with divine Love and Life that in itself is prayer.

This is not to say that one should devote his conscious mind all day long to God—such a procedure

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would be very impractical and accomplish little. But he can be so subconsciously devoted to his idea of oneness that his daily life will seem to be the answer to a prayer—so full of harmony and service and accomplishment will be his days.

This attitude of constant prayer will not make of us religious fanatics. These unfortunate people have not learned to couple action with concept. And in our present stage of development it seems best for the health of the entire man for him to carry his ideas out into expression in the physical world. Something goes wrong when strong ideas are held back and not allowed to complete themselves in action.

So think no more than you can express, except those leading thoughts of inspiration that give us stimulation for further planning.

At this point in our progress nothing is any good to us if we cannot bring it out in the broad daylight of practical expression and use.

If we follow the light we have, solve our problems as we go, we will find ourselves leading richer lives, actually encompassing more of inspiration than the mere dreamer. And in all our endeavors there will be that plus-quality inseparable from a real unity with the great constructive forces of Life as God has put it before us.

V

KNOW YOUR PLACE IN LIFE

The Fourth Thing to Do: Decide that you have a place and a destiny.

B efore you begin the Fourth Thing to Do, ask yourself if you have taken your rightful place. Are you expressing in the way you feel to be your path in life? If not, try the proved method of finding your mental and spiritual harmony first—and see how simply you will adjust to the material world as a consequence.

Keep before you the fact that the universe is a complete whole. One cannot imagine that ideas exist outside of Mind. There can be no material outside of it. If there were, the universe would not be the universe. The very word means "everything." It embraces not only every known thing, but every possibility. And it could not be complete if any part were missing. Therefore, every small item or part is precious to the whole—necessary to its wholeness.

The universe is always in movement, always creating and recreating. The material that it uses is

itself. There is no other. Since you are a reality, you are necessarily made of the stuff of the universe.

No matter who you are—a great lady of established position or a little girl standing in ignorant poverty, a lad with his life before him or a man of solid achievement—you are a valuable part of the entirety of the universe. It could not be complete without you! How can you ever think that you do not matter? How could one ever cringe and think of himself as a limited creature?

Since God, the universe, Life, have become you, it would be a little impudent of you, wouldn't it, to assume that such vast power would waste time doing an unimportant thing. Since there is no great or small to natural law, you are as important as the greatest creation. You are needed. You share the life of all being.

The value of realizing your place in the large universal scheme of things before you try to find any other, lies in the fact that you remind yourself that you are part of a perfectly balanced pattern or plan. As you really feel the truth of it you become relaxed, confident, and therefore in line with the harmony you seek. You automatically expect (not vaguely hope) to see your affairs shape to that end.

While we have been discussing the benefits of orienting oneself in the universe, we should not fail

to find our proper place in the world of men also. Our business, social or home environment seems a little closer to our immediate concerns than our place in the entire scheme of things. Yet, by finding the one we shall more surely find the other.

There are people who are well adjusted, well situated and well contented with their lot in life. These happy people are usually in places where they are of service to others. But suppose you are unhappily situated—what then?

One pleasant thought is that the place where you would fit best needs you as much as you need it—whether it is commercial employment or your home life that you seek to better.

From the breadth of much experience, I state arbitrarily that when you invoke the laws of harmonious adjustment, the unhappy situation will change right before your eyes or you will be lifted out of it as though by unseen hands. The most stubborn conditions yield to the demand for one's rightful harmony.

If you keep your conviction firm and your mental picture clear, you will in time—often a very short time—experience it in the outer world. And this will happen in spite of environmental conditions.

Salvation is a personal thing. There is nothing

collective about it. It is an individual experience. It is not selfish to proceed on this fact, for the same release is open to every man.

How can one think that in the infinite reaches of the universe there isn't enough of good to go around —that somebody must do without—that a majestic kind of roulette-wheel decides who shall be favored and who shall seem to be forgotten.

The only forgotten man is the one who forgets himself—forgets the majesty of his divine parentage, the aristocracy of his inherited qualities, the enormity of the possibilities into which he is born.

You have been given all these advantages, then given your head besides—the God-like right of decision. You can *choose* what you will do. You are honored with individuality and the power of personal decision.

Within the broader lines of a vaster home than you have ever envisioned, you are a free agent. Move the frontiers of your mind away from confining pettiness and set them among the stars. Or, better yet, knock them down and leave them down. Why have boundaries? Every time someone builds a fence around truth and labels it, someone else comes along with a discovery that discredits at least a part of it.

We do not really require the smug comfort of limited horizons.

When we see the universe as wise, loving and familiar, we do not fear to leave our little notions and swing out into greater, headier concepts.

When we truly feel at home in all the world, or worlds, we see life as a fascinating adventure. Real gayety enters our hearts. A song lilts in our minds. We take up a notch, so to speak, in our belts, put a feather in our hats at a jaunty tilt and say, "I'm coming, Life! You're my playground, my workshop, my laboratory. You're mine and I'm yours. You and I are going to have a wonderful time."

You find your place in the great scheme of things more quickly if you first realize that there is one for you.

Know that it necessarily exists in the great orderly principles of the universe. Indeed, it is difficult, if not impossible, to find something if you do not believe it exists. For we usually see what is in our own minds.

There is indeed a dependable correspondence between our thinking and our outer experiences. We may not have the power to create an object instantly by thinking of it. But we will create it eventually if we continue to hold to our vision of it.

We will one day meet the situation we hold in mind habitually.

I have seen remarkable adjustments take place with extraordinary quickness when right thinking was employed.

It is perhaps just as well that most of our thoughts are not at once materialized. With our present lack of discipline we should destroy ourselves.

It is our protection as well as our hindrance that our accumulated thought—not each single one—objectifies in our lives.

Therefore, we should learn how to build up a great body of constructive thoughts and feelings, by repetition to the subconscious. After learning something of the uses and influence of thought in daily affairs, one should work out a little technique of training for himself.

All too often one spends fifteen minutes or so in fine constructive thinking and the rest of the day in tearing it down. We state firmly our faith in life and in our claim upon it—then instantly argue with ourselves, presenting all the reasons why we as individuals cannot benefit by it.

We say in high faith that nothing can interfere with our progress, and then in two minutes we are thinking that we can never get anywhere until

father's manners improve or until there is a new carpet in the living-room. We invest the most trivial occurrences with power to stop the movement of Mind itself!

The power of Mind is an irresistible force that, when called upon, calmly penetrates material conditions and shapes them to suit itself.

We will often find that the things we have thought of as insurmountable barriers do not even count in the final solution of our problem.

The bright flame of intelligence burns its way through the most unprepossessing and unyielding circumstances—without any apparent recognition of having met an obstacle. One concludes that there can be no obstacle to the carrying out of a divine command.

The less we recognize barriers the more penetrating is our personal power.

When we face life in this relaxed and confident way, we seem to attract not only the things we have in mind but numberless other harmonies. After all, one need not take a shopping-list into the store of life. Life already has a fine order for us—a well-made plan, inherent in our very existence.

We need not think consciously of every item of blessing we might like to have. After we have put

ourselves in a harmonious mental attitude we often find that nothing else is necessary.

We should, of course, have plans for ourselves and pursue them with energy and intelligence. But, if our own plans come to naught, it may be because they were too far from the pattern inherent in our natures. In this case, it is best just to take the right mental attitude and wait to see what life presents to us.

Of course, we should take those steps that put us in touch with opportunity, but we should also let life unfold in us and for us. This may be a practical way of saying, "Thy Will Be Done."

When we make such an idea merely an excuse for inaction and laziness, it will fail to produce anything. But if we face life with the proper energy and faith, something better than we had originally planned will usually occur.

We do not keep our own hearts beating or consciously follow the processes of digestion. Neither do we grow ourselves.

Many of the most sustaining functions of mental as well as physical life are automatic.

There is nothing of predestination or fatalism in the right understanding of this principle—except whatever may be contained in the fact that harmony will result from the right approach to life. This

divine, natural, interpenetrating harmony is indeed predestined.

Take hold of the divine pattern of your life.

The radio proves many things. It gives us, at long last, tangible proof of many beliefs long held by mystics and poets since the world began. They have said for ages that everything is everywhere present. Practical men have laughed them to scorn. They have been flouted by materialists for these many centuries and now stand vindicated.

Now here is a little box on a table that relays a song that is being sung thousands of miles away. No wires carry it and the song reaches not only you but millions of other people. Equally as important is the fact that you do not share the song with these other millions—Each of you gets all of it.

Consider, too, that the song does not travel to you. It is simply there! A certain wave-length sets every other sympathetic wave-length tingling responsively—no matter where it is.

We do not have to *go* anywhere to have *all* of life. Mind is everywhere at once.

From all the world nothing can reach us except that which has our wave-length—with which we are in sympathy. Sympathy is here used in the true meaning of the word—not as pity but as being at one

with, in accord with, from the root words sym (together) and pathos (to feel).

If we really understood this fact, we would cease rushing around futilely. We would stop imagining that opportunity is greater somewhere else. It is bovine to assume that the grass is greener on the other side of the fence. Who has not seen a cow standing knee-deep in clover with her head thrust through a barbed-wire fence straining after grass?

For a human being there is greater satisfaction and dignity in making his own grass as luxuriant as he wants it. It is more intelligent to draw to ourselves through our God-given creative power those elements we need and want.

However, there is no use in stubbornly clinging to a faulty situation if, with your present equipment, you are not meeting its conditions satisfactorily. But, in going from one situation to another we ought to realize that we shall build up the same unfortunate conditions again unless we change our own attitude, ideas and habits to conform to the state of affairs we should like to have.

We create our own environment, after we have reached the age of reason. Why not choose mentally the environment you wish? Have you ever noticed that a man or woman of forceful presence

can change the atmosphere of a room, the tenor of the talk, without saying a word?

It is the sum of all your thinking, the total of all your feeling, that shapes your personality and your character, making your presence weak or strong. You actually choose your personality, because you choose what you will think and feel.

Nothing from without yourself can influence you in the slightest unless you accept it, permit it.

No one can make you—anything! No one can make you sad or angry or any of the other things we claim are imposed upon us from without.

There must be an acceptance, a point of agreement, before the mind can decide upon a course of action. Psychologists have called this function of selectivity the *censor*. A slow-motion view of your mind at a time when you are tempted to anger would show that you say to yourself, "Now I'm going to be angry."

You must have your own consent before you can do anything. You decide to be successful. You decide to be a failure! You decide to be happy. You decide to be miserable.

No one else can even hurt your feelings. Suppose you were lying asleep and some mean person came to your bedside and called you names, blamed you for things of which you were innocent, heaped in-

sult upon you, roared injustices and spleen at you. There was nothing more that he could think of that would be offensive or hurtful. He had done his utmost. But, unless the noise of the tirade woke you, would you be hurt, horrified or offended?

Remember, now, the offender has done all that he can do. But you sleep peacefully on, probably dreaming of some fair Utopia. Your enemy is powerless to hurt you with his words. You must be awake and relate his words to your own standards, to your concept of right and truth, to your own notion of self-defense, and conclude, decide to be angry.

Your individual expression is as inviolate as is the universe itself. It must move within itself before there can be any action.

Self-control, the holding of one's temper, etc., is, in reality, not holding the self back from expression, but deciding to be that self more completely—unmoved by what someone else does or says.

After we see self-control in its true light, poise is many times easier under all conditions.

You are a world unto yourself. When you act as though you are interested in keeping your own wholeness and integrity—as a reflection of a larger wholeness—you accumulate power that used to go

to waste. It is the person who has a sense of power who has poise. He may not be thinking of that power directly, but he has a sense of well-being, of soundness. He can view his mental kingdom and feel that all is well.

Peace and completeness shine forth as a glimpse of eternal truth in the countenance of the person who has found his own wholeness.

This individuality of yours is a sacred trust—given you by God, of God.

When we gather our forces that used to leak away in discord of various kinds, it is easier to see our talents and to find our proper place in the world of men. Vocational guidance should be nine-tenths discovery of the applicant's inner poise. The freed personality needs little guidance. It seems to find and do the right thing with little effort.

The path ahead becomes clear. Work that used to yield but slowly and stubbornly comes easily to the hand. Adjustment is smooth.

We slip effortlessly into our rightful places when we cut the hindering thougs of fear and discord.

We and Life rush together with the gladness of two long-lost brothers who have found each other again.

In all the Bible the most impressive words to me are these: "Loose him and let him go."

Free yourself from all the nagging, dragging mental attitudes that sap your power. Loose the inner self and let him go. His inherent intelligence will quickly solve the problems that seem at times so heavy.

The power of choice is so inviolably yours that even wisdom cannot impose itself upon you.

But your word is a royal command. When you do turn to wisdom, it rushes to your aid. The one requisite is that you believe in your own leadership. A command is not real or complete when it is tainted by the weakness of disbelief in one's authority to give it. Only a real command gains real obedience. Exercise your right as a child of God.

When you take command of yourself, your thinking, your feeling—when you begin the disciplining of your emotions—you see clearly the many ways in which you can set your own house in order. And as your own small universe becomes orderly and beautiful, you gain a concentrated power of harmony for use in outer contacts.

It is not a good thing to spend too much time in introspection. One should not be forever wondering if he is thinking the right thing. It is sufficient to think back over the day once or twice—take account of what has occurred in your mind. Then with swift, but not hurried, judgment, direct your-

self to change in whatever way seems best. Then become interested in something outside yourself.

All too many people go over and over their thoughts and feelings in an orgy of self-love, selfpity or self-justification and even find a masochistic pleasure in self-blame.

But, taking a large, loving, understanding view of the world, one sees that even the greatest faults of people are but a misguided, misapplied, diverted expression of the God-energy pushing itself insistently into our recognition. Lacking genuine expressions of power, we manufacture spurious ones. Disagreeable as it may be to other people, it is infinitely better for the health of the ego than the acceptance of inner weakness and defeat.

Get a better understanding of your ego.

A small boy and girl gaining attention by naughtiness are potentially strong people. Their sense of real power may be nearer the surface ready to go into useful action with later wisdom than is that of the weakly obedient child. Of course, there are many strong children who have been trained to obey, but this splendid type does not enter into this simile.

The braggart and the bully should not be bullied and crushed in turn. They should be told that they are merely misusing remarkable power. They

should be complimented for the strength they possess and given a sense of pride in using it correctly. But if you expect your little sermon to gain quick results, there must be more admiration than moralizing in it.

Genius often lies just under a bursting feeling of power that, lacking an outlet or understanding, all too often expresses itself disastrously.

Such a description may be given of certain types of criminals. A chance remark might have diverted their energies into some great art or constructive work.

Analyzing the acts of anyone, you will find that he was really seeking some form of what to him seemed good. His wrong act was but a means to an end. To be sure, he must pay for his wrong attitude. But the point is the dividing-line between a moral and an unmoral spending of force is exceedingly fine.

Women are hypercritical of each other through a sense of personal weakness. It gives them a feeling of power to find other women's mistakes in taste, in judgment and in morals. If they could, by this or some similar teaching, achieve a sense of personal strength and wholeness, their attention would go into helping, not criticizing.

A man often builds up his own ego by crushing his

wife's judgment under heel. Lacking a real source of strength, he rises by stepping up on a heap made of her shattered opinions. Many a wife permits her husband to do this in order that he may meet the world with his head higher. One may marvel at her shrewdness in thus keeping her nest together—but her wisdom in the matter is questionable. Her recourse is not defiance and assertiveness. It is in building up his feeling of power in other ways—small ways will do!

Strange as it all is, agonizingly pitiful as it can be, the fact remains that the human animal constantly seeks justification for the feeling of power that ever beats at the door of his consciousness. He does the best he can with it in his ignorance—under the pressure of his established habits and appetites. And this restless creature, fairly tortured by energy seeking expression through him, is asked to believe that he must be meek, lowly—that he is a helpless worm. No wonder he laughs harshly and turns away. "You'll have to give me something other than that," he says, and goes on his tortuous way, seeking satisfaction where none exists—or, at best, in those ways that last but a moment.

How can he be a worm when he feels like a God? How can he be meek when the urge to splendid creation and action sends his thoughts soaring?

How can he be humble when great dreams rise to grip his consciousness? To be sure, if we keep battering him down through our established process of limiting suggestions, we can warp him and bind him, as the Chinese used to bind and stunt their feet.

If we could give people a constant suggestion of the fine forces within them, they would be so busy being and expressing them that the thought of being self-consciously superior would never enter their heads.

We need a casual acceptance of ourselves as children of the universe, inheritors of God-consciousness, if we are ever to rise out of the treadmill that history presents to us.

It should not be a matter for Sunday contemplation or for pseudo-intellectual salon conversation. We are talking about concepts to live by—not to talk by!

Too many people have lost their vision of themselves. All too many of them have accepted the popular cry that man is helpless.

What a travesty! Helpless in a world teeming with ideas, with need for service! Helpless with the forces of Mind pulsing through their brain! The slavery to helplessness that a large proportion of

people have accepted ought to be fought by every friend of freedom.

Men need to find their God-consciousness. They need the knowledge of their real selves more than they need political benefactions. Too many of them are learning to say, "Here am I, a worm. My puny strength is too small alone. But if we all put our puny strength together we might make a whole man out of the group of us!" The sleeping giant within every man must laugh in his dreams. The stated tenets of God-less government imply that the universe has not given man sufficient mind or strength to take care of himself. It is a defeatist gospel—the refuge of failure! An indictment of the integrity of life!

Common sense grants that it is the place of government to aid man—but not to the point where it weakens or insults the man's integrity and completeness. There are indeed abuses, exploitations and privileges that government should prevent and vast programs of education and opportunity that should be set into operation. There are certain things that men do best together, in concerted action; certain general recurring necessities that are best handled communally. But extreme regimentation kills the flame of freedom, annihilates personality and insults the integrity of the universe.

What does a worm care about who governs it? When enough people feel that they are worms, the resulting listlessness is a virtual invitation to an invader.

It is well to bear in mind that no one fosters a gospel of weakness except those who hope to profit by it—to take advantage of it.

The only point in such a discussion at this time is to bring out the fact that any institution, governmental or otherwise, that is founded on the assumption of man's weakness, has through the ages been brought to the dust by those founded on the gospel of strength.

Certain religions have had an extended life because they operate on a kind of legerdemain. They prey upon a man's sense of weakness and fear one minute and offer him the strength of salvation the next. It is a case of, "Now you see it, now you don't!"

The strongest impression given the subconscious mind tends to become true in experience.

From Confucius to St. Paul and down to the moderns every guiding thought comes eventually to this fact:

It is the contents of the individual's consciousness that is the major influence in his life.

The accumulation of impressions deep within us rules our lives. And who will be believed if he tries to tell us that we cannot largely control this accumulation? Or change it after we have become aware of it? A man is as free as his mastery over his own thought and emotion.

Having decided that there is a place for you in both the divine and the human plan, you can find it, fill it, and enjoy it more fully if you will follow the other Things to Do. They will prepare you, open the way for you, so that you will progress more sanely and swiftly.

VI

REGULATE YOUR OWN CLOCK

The Fifth Thing to Do: Get a better sense of Time.

S CIENTISTS OCCASIONALLY tell us that there is no such thing as time or space. We are told that we live in a universe without beginning and without end.

Since we know that everything is everywhere present, we can dimly grasp that there may possibly be no such thing as space as we conceive it—but the mind of a practical man plants its feet stubbornly before the idea of there being no time.

We can even see that time and space are interrelated and still find it necessary to separate them for our feeble understanding. Either or both may be non-existent in an ultimate state, but to our five senses they seem very real and our dealing with them affects us importantly.

"I'm busy." "I'm in a hurry." "I haven't time." These are three large nails in the coffin of happiness and depth of character. A personality of strength and beauty is not developed on the wing. Life is

not savored and its flavor perceived if one continually rushes through it.

When one is too busy to take time to read a poem, too hurried to kiss his wife goodby in the mornings, hasn't time to listen to an older person's wisdom or a child's shy confidence, he is missing much of the charm of life. His existence is keyed to a tempo that demands such swift evaluations that only the surface of anything is skimmed. He imagines that his perceptions are heightened by this speed, but actually his sensibilities are dulled by continuous overstimulation.

It is difficult in this modern, busy world to keep out of a sense of hurry, but we can defend ourselves somewhat by taking a two-minute respite in midmorning and in mid-afternoon. And in this brief but preciously luxurious interlude, think of some leisurely pleasure, some meditative beauty.

In other words, throw the mind and nerves into neutral and coast for two minutes. Don't waste it in thinking how rushed and tired you are or in feeling sorry for yourself. Don't think of yourself at all—just picture drifting clouds, or a running brook or the wind in tall grass.

Your two minutes will do you as much good as an hour used merely in idle dreaming and sighing. You will be relaxed, refreshed, your mind will be

clearer and your judgment better. Thinking of some natural beauty puts us somehow in harmony with natural forces.

It is not a good thing to make the mind a blank when relaxing. It is far better to engage it with some gentle, pleasant, effortless picture.

The ego's desire for leadership is confused when time, riding us with the whip of hurry, is the real master. I have seen many people in a serious tangle mentally find their poise again only after organizing their sense of time. They have thought that they were afflicted with every physical and mental disease, especially the currently popular ones with very scientific names, when all they needed was release from the tyranny of a clock—until they could learn to master it instead of being mastered by it.

What we expect to get out of the passing hours, our sense of guilt if we don't get it, and our time habits, form a large portion of our entire relation to life. Remorse over wasted time can be acute torture.

A sense of inadequacy and fatigue follows the feeling of inferiority that grips our souls when we lose our struggle with time. The relentless ticking of the clock keeps the impression of failure before us. The psyche sickens and makes the body sick before it will continue to accept the blame for failure.

The clock is one of the most prolific sources of inferiority complexes, and, feeling inferior, one's ability to manage his life is impaired. Thus a vicious circle is set up that must be reversed before the man can be free from its destructive tension.

When we plan to master time, we do not, as is commonly supposed, sit down and budget our days. This is the last, not the first step. First, we must have a real philosophical understanding of time—its genuine importance and also its relative unimportance. We must get our emotional response to time straightened out before our mechanics will be enduring.

Anything plastered superficially on the surface of ourselves is likely to come loose just when we need it. We need to dig into our inner responses to plant the roots of desirable reactions and to uproot those we do not want.

We begin by realizing that we live in a world without beginning and without end; therefore we really have eternity in which to enjoy, to accomplish and develop. This thought does not aid a lazy man in being more lackadaisical. But it does keep down tension, no matter what we are doing.

If we are tempted to shirk our work for some socalled pleasure, the eternity thought comforts us

with the feeling that there is a great deal of time available in which to enjoy ourselves, so we may as well work now.

If one is driven with work beyond reason, he can put all or any portion of it firmly aside for intelligent reasons, if he is convinced that he has eternity in which to work.

When the lazy, procrastinating person begins to feel on better terms with time and realizes that his work must be done sometime and that there is no escape from it, he usually decides to get up and do it and get it over with. He loses that punishing sense of drama in which he is the persecuted hero, and therefore his resistance to time loses interest for him. It is no longer entertaining to be other than normally energetic and, almost in spite of himself, he becomes more active. There is no point or pleasure in anything else—once the *musts* are knocked down.

The frantic now-or-never feeling may be unavoidable in an emergency, but in ordinary life it is seldom justified.

A woman of exceptional calm and poise was asked by an admiring friend how she attained her exquisite repose. The woman smiled and told a little story of her youth.

Her family had been in very modest circum-

stances at one time, and in a family crisis, when there was little money, it was necessary for her to hunt for work. Her first efforts failed and the tension in the little house grew.

Then she heard of a certain opening. She decided that she must have that place. The world was going to come to an end if she did not get it, she thought. Everything, the family's future, the avoidance of embarrassment before the community—all hinged on whether she got this particular work.

She dressed herself carefully, rehearsed her speech, every fiber of herself bent on that one objective. This particular thing had to happen and happen at once.

She smiled again and sat back in her chair. "Well," she continued, "I didn't get the job—and the world didn't come to an end, and after that they couldn't fool me!"

She explained that then and there she decided to relax, having done the best she could. She could not believe the universe was so impoverished that it could fashion fortunate circumstances only once. She decided that one time was as good as another for rebuilding and that creation was going on continually.

This intelligent attitude has brought her rich rewards. She is now beautifully placed in life and

her poise is an object-lesson for those who try to wrench from life those gifts it usually yields, but slowly. Contrast this with the bitterness that overwhelms some people when their plans fall through.

Gaining the upper hand of the clock and calendar does not mean that we shall disregard time. When we know how to deal with it we are only then in a position to evaluate it correctly. We must earn our freedom from the lash of time, just as we must earn every other type of freedom.

The person whose philosophy is full and fine is the real master of time.

He knows that Mind is the same at any hour or in any year. It is impossible for him to be discouraged. He does not live in the past and try to force the opinions and the tactics of the past into the present just because of his familiarity with them. He is free of the limitations of time and therefore cleanly, newly receptive to the moment. He can sense the present. He is, therefore, much more likely to find new opportunity and to succeed in it than the person who tries to drag the past along with him.

Time, in its proper relations, does much for us. It lessens our pain. It lends itself to our maturing

plans. Disrespect for time in its accumulative power is usually the mark of a shallow thinker.

How many people have you heard say, "What's the use of planting a tree? It takes so long to grow. What's the use of saving a little money? It takes so long to get any amount of it together." So planting nothing, saving nothing, they have let the formidable face of time discourage them. Whereas, if they would work with time they could achieve remarkable results. With time's persistent help, one need not make herculean efforts. A little done persistently will, in the aggregate, make a great total.

Do these scorners of time imagine that the years are not going to pass because they do not plant and save? The time passes relentlessly and surely whether anyone wishes it to or respects it. We may as well use its relentless power instead of being either bored or bluffed by it.

How much fine work is never begun because the hurriers think it takes too long! They never stop to see the impermanence and the shoddiness of the hurry method.

Just because you have never begun the work or play or study that really interests you, is no reason why you could not start now or make plans to do so. Time does not count us out. We only imagine that it does.

It is never too late to begin. Time is impersonal. It is the same every moment. It imposes no limitations upon us. In fact, our only real limitations are self-imposed—and, if we put them before us with all the inviolable right of our power of decision, nothing can alter the fact that we live under the law of time.

Our discouragements are always home-made. Time is the great encourager. Learn to love time, to value it and value what it brings you. Then you will always be the master of it in your own soul.

Our use of time should be a highly individual matter. We do not develop all our powers at the same time, as ants do. Often the woman of great potential charm does not develop her social powers until she is well along in life. Many girls do not develop their ability to mingle easily with men at the time when most of their contemporaries are having beaux and becoming engaged. A boy often may not become mathematically-minded until long after his classmates, yet later he may be a scientific calculator and they may have only a conductor's use for figures.

We should not label ourselves this or that. We should never say of our children that they haven't this or that talent or ability. By doing so we close the door of their minds to it.

If we must make a statement about their capacities, we can say something to the effect that the aptitude has not yet shown itself. Do not put anybody under a wantonly placed burden of negation. As Emerson says, "We boil at different degrees."

The most stupid girl in my class at school has become a very successful woman, a clever conversationalist, a popular member of the community, an attractive wife and an excellent mother. She was fortunate in marrying a man who removed from her the chains of the suggestion of stupidity.

Elise, a girl of twelve, who simply would not help her mother with her housework, saying that she didn't have time, was found repeatedly at a neighbor's house helping there to clean, wash and even mend. One has merely to picture the atmosphere of nagging and blame on the one hand, and the brightness of admiration and encouragement on the other, to find the answer. We find time to do the work that slides along lightly under sympathetic conditions.

Time has meaning for us only when it holds experiences that impress us. It seems to drag or fly according to what it holds for us.

Disraeli, being yelled down in his first attempt to speak in England's parliament, replied, "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will

hear me." He was willing to wait and work with the passing years, and history justifies him.

Why do we imagine that we must follow other people like sheep-do what they do when they do it? Why should one marry, for instance, at the time when one's friends do? Perhaps it does not belong in your experience until much later, or perhaps much earlier, than the usual. Refuse to punish yourself because your timing in your life is different from that of your neighbors. Much suffering could be eliminated if we could assert our divine right to be individuals. We are here to develop as far as human experience will take us. Who shall say just when various experiences would be most potent for us. Let's get out of the sheep state of mind. Refuse to let the sacredness and beauty and value of life be marred through standardization. Set your face toward independence. Have no traffic with a personal or a governmental idea that threatens your right to be yourself fully, the master of your own destiny.

Most of the agonies of life are caused by bad timing. The right remark made at the wrong time. The right friendship formed at the wrong time. The trying to force the experiences of marriage into the unmarried state. Arriving at the wrong time—leaving at the wrong time. Actually there is little wrong with life except that we insist upon timing

our acts wrongly, and then wail like babies because we do not achieve harmony.

A correct sense of timing is an instinctive response to the moment, governed by innate good taste and common sense.

Just when and how each person comes upon the consciousness of timing is as unpredictable as the exact moment when he will find the God within him.

Tact is largely a choice of time. Fine feeling is usually the result of a fine combination of circumstances—a smooth working together of contributing elements. We can deliberately attain a favorable atmosphere in the whole personality and we can reasonably expect a good sense of timing to spring from this perfection.

We can eliminate the fear that paralyzes many of our best impulses and plans.

We can learn to relax the tensions that prevent smooth interaction of mind and body and affairs. We can focus our forces through faith and learn to lean only on our own access to strength and inspiration. We can become poised, gracious people, and then, as a final touch, achieve a sense of correct timing, that fine sensitiveness to the moment possible only to the finely attuned personality.

It has nothing to do with intellect—and little to do with education in terms of books. But it is never seen except in close brotherhood with the educated heart. It is nothing that we can grasp with eager curious hands and examine under a microscope. We may not even approach it directly. But if we have earned its supporting characteristics, it shines on us like a halo of understanding.

Once having had a sense of correct timing, it never leaves us entirely; it may become dimmed through some threat of coarseness we take on, but we never lose sight of it completely. We can always reclaim it. And with it we need no other credential—no other key to unlock the treasures of life.

Every woman of charm has an instinctive sense of timing.

As a deliberate art, it is studied by actresses, radio performers, artists, dancers, writers and especially by comedians. Timing is the whole art of comedy. A split second may be the difference between a hearty laugh and a dead silence in the audience.

Timing is seen even in the light and shade of a drawing. How long will the artist take your eye with design and bulk before his central idea strikes your mind? Not long, else you will have turned the page without seeing it, or walked on if you are

looking at a painting in a gallery. Yet you must not see his picture in a glance.

An artist whose technique includes timing will have a subtle appeal beyond his handling of color and line and mass. He will have rhythm and feeling. Your mind slides into an acceptance of his picture comfortably, even though it is engaged in superlatives and exaggerations, if the artist has that profitable quality—timing.

An Italian mason, fashioning a stone house, will, when caught up in the art of the fabrications before him, be heard to say, "I think it's time for a large stone now." He is not working to a pattern. There is no formal repetition of design in the stonework before him. But the moment arrives when it is time for another large stone. And if you happen to be watching him you see the art of it, the while you wonder what supersense tells that unschooled giant before you where to put a stone for the best effect.

A six-year-old child taking part in a Christmas program refused to be pushed out on the stage while the audience was still chuckling over the performance of the little girl just ahead of him on the program. "Wait a minute. It's not time." I thought to myself that his mother might as well stop worrying about his future then and there—it was assured!

And in the kitchen an excellent chef times his

pièce de résistance to reach the diners at the height of its perfection. Where there is art, there must be timing—and where there is timing, there will be art. Since life at its keenest and most poignant best is truly an art, good timing is the very essence of happiness and success.

So regard your clock as an artist sees his materials—not as a lash over your head.

Ask yourself how you can deal with it to make your day yield its height of satisfaction to you. Time is not a club to beat you into dull routine. Time is a paint-brush with which you can create exquisite beauty.

Touch the hours here and there with artful fingers and see what heightened effect they will give you.

You are an artist at living—not a slave to be scourged by the master's step, the striking of a clock. As an artist you can conform to the laws of time without letting it possess you. It is all a part of your picture of beauty.

Don't hurry to keep your appointments because of a dogged, grim determination not to be late. You are giving time the upper hand a bit when you do this.

Keep your appointments because you are using time as a material in your art of kindness—to up-

hold the honor of the word you have given, because there is beauty and romance in honor, in the meeting of minds by agreement, in the rhythm of human courtesy.

If this is too much for your down-to-earth mind at this moment, then, do whatever you do because you are using time for your purpose, and never, never permit time to be an end in itself. Thus, one may learn to value time without fearing it.

When you are quite, quite sure that you no longer give over the reins of your character to time, then sit down and plan your days as extensively as such a procedure would simplify life for you, but not one iota beyond that point.

There is no virtue in budgeting your time unless you really get more out of it that way. For some people it is merely confusing. But we all can achieve more order in our use of time than we now have.

A comfortably loose schedule that isn't too binding and cramping to inspiration will help us to get through routine tasks and to dispense with our more ordinary duties and obligations.

One can achieve a certain neatness in one's use of time. Usually the person who is fastidious in his personal habits will be neat about time. It is splendid mental exercise to allot one's hours to their best uses, because in so doing one must decide on the

relative importance of the matters to be included in any day's program.

Anything that causes people to evaluate their acts, to form the habit of separating essentials from nonessentials, brings such a train of blessings to them that the original reason for doing so becomes almost unimportant in itself.

To do certain things neatly in their allotted time forms valuable habits that take the pressure off the conscious mind. There are simply too many details in the average person's life for the conscious mind to deal with without wearying itself and the body. Good time-habits will relieve you of the necessity of thinking of a great many of them.

You must be supreme over every element in your life if you are to be a free man, if your psyche is to remain in its original healthy state, if your life is to be a progress for you in your entirety.

But you must not attempt to be supreme over any other human being. Grant others the sovereignty over their lives that you seek for your own.

In the matter of rising in the morning, if your wish is to get up early and yet you continue to sleep late, you will set up a conflict that will consume a large amount of energy that could be put to some good use.

These inner frictions between purpose and per-

formance are the source of most of our failures and neuroses. They weaken us so that, even though the mind sees the solution, the energies are diffused and are not sufficient to carry out the good plan. The mind seeing the failure becomes more deeply involved in its discord and there may be very serious results.

So do not give yourself a program that is likely to fail. We want to build the habit of success in your subconscious mind. If you feel that you should rise at a certain hour, set your mind and your clock, if necessary, and rise at that hour, even though you should stay up but twenty minutes and then go back to bed, should you seem to require more sleep.

If you continue to obey your judgment that you should get up at this certain hour, you will soon feel very good about having done so. Your sleep habits will then gradually conform to this leadership and one day you will find yourself getting up at the hour that seems proper to you and you will not want to go back to bed.

Forcing oneself will get the same result, but why use expensive force which you could use for something else when habit and an encouraged sense of doing the right thing will do the work for you?

Time habits are easily formed. The body and mind respond easily to the rhythm of repetition in

action. Do not think of regularity as a mundane, dull, uninteresting matter of duty akin to the artificiality of man-made laws.

See regularity as the same rhythm that makes music enjoyable. Sense in it the vitality of consonance that makes a march set our heads to swaying and our feet tapping. The drum-beat behind melody, the form of a dreamy waltz tempo, the pulse of life—all have an inherent regularity. Their dependability is the assurance of their beauty.

There is no beauty, no ecstatic consonance, in irregularity. Do something, no matter what, at a stated time each day.

Get in step, in rhythm, with common sense—in accord with accomplishment—in the pulse of health. Catch the tempo of the melody of life!

To obey the laws of time dully without understanding, is to have the letter but not the spirit of the matter. Open your eye to the beauty of the thing, the art of it, and you will also share the joy of it. You will multiply your accomplishment, whet your sensibilities and enlarge your capacities, for you will be moving with natural law. Agree with time and it will agree with you.

Swing into the current of the dependability of the universe. Its timing is the secret of its incredible force.

VII

ADVANCE THROUGH MAN'S SUPREMACY

The Sixth Thing to Do: Understand that there are no accidents and very few injustices.

THERE IS A REASON for everything. A careful analysis of any so-called accident will reveal that all the different elements in it operated according to their nature. To feel that Life happens along in a happy-go-lucky scramble is to permit a sort of dry rot to begin to eat at your confidence in verities.

The unexpected can happen to anyone. But after it is explained, it is perfectly logical. Almost the first words that are uttered when one is surprised are, "I didn't know—!" But whether one knows or not, certain events and conditions work together in a natural way to bring anything to pass.

We take full possession of our powers at the moment we accept full responsibility for what we are and where we are.

This truth seems simple enough and hardly worth discussing until we count the number of people who have a persecution complex—who seem to believe that the elements of life act in a less obliging way

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for them than for other people. These are the ones who think in terms of accidents and luck—mostly bad.

Life is sensitive and responsive. We have freedom, real independence, as we begin to see that our lives are a certain combination of certain elements. We, having the power of decision and choice, can determine to a great extent just what combination we shall have.

It can always be noted that the person who works and plans intelligently usually enjoys the fruits of his intelligence, while those who think that life depends on the turn of a wheel seldom have peace, either mental or material.

True, the spontaneous element must be taken into account. But even those who believe in luck must admit Lady Luck seems to frown on those who expect her to pull their carts. She apparently prefers to flit here and there with a light and free touch, with whimsy and changeableness. She seems, like many real people, not to be interested in us when we really need her. She smiles more often on those who do not expect so much of her. Luck seems to be an extra dividend, not exactly deserved, but usually found in line with energetic endeavor or bread cast upon the water.

If we put energy and vision out into the world, though our immediate efforts may fail, there will nevertheless be a gathering of vitality in our consciousness that will, one day, gain our desire. No good work is ever lost.

Gaining something which we have not earned in one way or another often brings misery instead of joy. It seems almost impossible that this could be so until one begins an actual survey of so-called lucky people. The stories of most of their lives are records of tragedy.

Very few men in high positions feel that luck had much part in their success. Most of them, in confidential mood, will say that they are in the position they dreamed of, worked toward and sacrificed for over a period of years. Just recently a great executive said to me, "I am, today, exactly where I was determined to be—even to the smallest detail in my life."

The person who wants something for nothing is practically compelled to believe in luck. Few of them would be willing to work as hard and give as unsparingly of themselves and time as successful people do. However, there are indeed many noble people who simply do not care for worldly success and have made a deliberate choice of a path of life

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in which their wants are modest. Not everyone really wants material success.

But any one must have some kind of plan and proceed to grow with it in some degree of balanced logic, if he wants peace and satisfaction. There are countless people who, though intelligent and well qualified for success, never reach it because they are constantly changing their route.

Even though one may try a number of businesses or professions before finding his métier, he can keep a measure of coherence in his movements if he but have a financial program—be it ever so small.

There is gathered strength of several kinds in the process of husbanding a portion of one's earnings. It isn't that the little money is so precious—but, by some law of correspondence, our very caring, our very persistence, our expression of intelligence in having a plan, holds the seed of success within its many elements.

There was a man—we will call him John—who found himself, after years of hard work, well along in life without a penny with which to meet an emergency. In his youth he and a friend took the civil service examination together. Both passed and the friend accepted an appointment as a post-office employee.

The salary seemed too small to John, who aban-

doned the idea altogether and went after more money. At times he made from one to two hundred dollars a week. But more of the time he was waiting between so-called big opportunities and using up the money he had made on the last one. Vacations lured him. He traveled somewhat. He spent feverishly—all of which brought him no particular pleasure or satisfaction, for the specter of the future was always before him.

The friend, on his modest salary, married, bought a small house, had a family, put away a little money each week, accumulated insurance, received sick benefits and vacations with pay. His happiness, content, health and security grew with the years; while John became thin and irritable, remorseful—yet still searching for something better than the matter before him.

Upon my insistence, John began a small plan of saving a little money. After several months, though his account contained less money than he often used to spend on an evening's entertainment in his foolishly extravagant days, he became a more peaceful, well-organized person.

Then, to my surprise one day he said, "It's a funny thing about money. It'll fool a man every time. The amount of it isn't half as important as what he does with it. A man can be rich on a hundred dol-

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lars a month if he plans and spends with intelligence—and he can be poor and harassed on a thousand dollars a week."

The first law of success, either spiritual, mental or financial, is soundness. It is the sense of having a coherent plan and working toward it reasonably that seems to attract the best things of life.

When banks urge you to save money, they are speaking of the benefits of interest and showing you the advantages of the actual sum of money you can accumulate. But when I urge you, no matter how tiny or great your income, to put away even one dollar a week into a real plan, I have several reasons for doing so.

First, I don't know anything more pleasurable than a sense of thrift when it isn't carried to extremes.

Second, the discipline necessary to stick to your plan gives you more control in other ways. One finally says proudly to himself, "I can make myself do anything!" Appetites, temptations, temper, all are more easily controlled when one has the habit of self-regulation.

Third, dignity and poise settle into the personality of the one who feels he is being wise and prudent. Income has nothing to do with it. Amounts are

little more important. The really vital part of the matter is the plan itself.

In dealing with people who are even somewhat mentally weak, the plan idea is definitely strengthening. Give them some simple program to carry out. For our purposes the virtue of it will be in a recurring act. It is easier for anyone to become aware of order and coherence when he consciously and rhythmically moves toward an end that has been decided upon.

A small plan is better than a large one because one is far more likely to continue with a program that takes but little attention or money. The growing success of the plan makes it valuable—not its size.

A plan is a pattern, a formula. The acceptance of a plan is one's agreement that certain elements put together in a certain way will produce a predictable result.

The time may come in the far distance when man may be able to eliminate the machinery of creation and speak his desires into existence—as the legend of the Atlanteans claims they could do.

Geologists have verified the ages-old story of Atlantis by saying that a continent once existed in the Atlantic and that it went down. Mystical legend reiterates that the Atlanteans were very advanced people, that they had powers of which we know noth-

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ing. Among them was complete mastery over matter, giving them the ability to produce any material object out of the very air.

They claim that the sinking of the continent in the ocean is the inspiration for the story of the deluge in nearly all religions. In ours, they say it appears as the story of Noah and the Ark. They believe that a few people escaped, perhaps in an ark, and made their way, finally, to India and that India's magicians and fakirs are the modern counterfeiters of an ancient actuality.

However, since we today do not know the Atlanteans' secrets, we must put our faith in the formulæ of life.

Last, but not least, our belief in the reasonable outcome of combining the elements of any plan keeps our minds logical and our thinking firm. Thinking becomes loose and superficial when we picture ourselves as lucky or unlucky.

By putting our trust in intelligent planning instead of accidents of good fortune we by no means keep the unexpected good fortune away—but we do protect ourselves from any number of mishaps which might be regarded as bad luck.

Careful preparation does not kill the romance of

the unusual, the spontaneous. Instead, it admits, anticipates, and expects it.

The person who doesn't plan well is the one who believes, or tries to believe, that nothing unusual will happen and that life will singsong along in the same old familiar way. How people delude themselves!

If we do our utmost consciously, we can then turn confidently to the Greater Mind for further guidance and inspiration. But it isn't reasonable not to have used every advantage at our disposal before we need to draw more.

None of us is clever enough to live entirely on his own individual intelligence. Much of life is spontaneous and part of an inherent pattern that we do not guide. This basic pattern is being unfolded in us and through us, whether we will or not. But our very lack of responsiveness to its inherent idealism blurs its virtues in our experience.

We cannot avoid experience even though it be a haphazard one. We cannot stop life. We can delay it. From the buffetings of unintelligent lassez-faire we are often forced by our very sufferings into a higher attitude. But we can cut our sufferings short by a return to a strong simplicity, by taking hold of our lives with reason and forethought.

The health of the mind has little to do with effi-

ciency in planning. The word brings to mind cold, unfeeling procedures of thought that concern themselves not at all with the whole man but merely with the success of some particular project.

The reasonable planning I advocate has nothing in common with the expediency of efficiency. Fine as it may be, it has no part in the realization of the spirit within—the object of this book.

The Chinese philosopher Lin Yutang says that the three sins of America are efficiency, punctuality and the desire for achievement and success, all of which make the American so unhappy and nervous. We may be shocked to see ourselves thus through Chinese eyes, but before we laugh and turn aside, let's examine this opinion!

Our need is to return to a simple, strong philosophy, in which Being itself is exalted—and never again so long as we live to put accomplishment before the majesty of self-realization. If we concern ourselves with our Source, being sure to keep the mental and spiritual channels between that Source and ourselves clear at all times, we shall not need to worry about our supply of energy and ideas.

When Life has put so much before us it seems hardly well-mannered to ask that we be excused from using it. Most of the people who complain of life are usually those who have done the least with

it or about it. Without trying to put the elements of life together reasonably, they expect a fine result.

A very simple illustration of this idea came to light recently when I was trying to impress upon a lovely girl the damage she was doing her personality by a faulty posture. I reminded her that the body needs a great amount of oxygen to refresh the blood stream and purify it so that fatigue poisons are not carried to the brain to impair its functions, to slow our wit, to dull our charm. I said that a sunken chest squeezed the lungs down so that their capacity was limited and all the great good that comes of full and fine breathing was denied her, by herself.

Quick as a flash she said to me, "It all sounds reasonable, but how do you account for the fact that the most charming woman I ever knew is a cousin of mine who is an invalid with a very flat chest?" I told her I was not surprised, for have we not all known charming invalids?

But let us never forget that nature compensates wherever possible for a disability. Perhaps the person cut off from physical magnetism and presence throws his entire energy into the mental realm until the fire of his presence is even greater than that of the one who acquires it in the more usual way. But one has access to such compensation only when the usual path is actually obstructed. When we have

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normal healthy faculties and members, we are supposed to use them—else we do not and cannot claim the benefit of their particular contribution to our entire personality.

There is no way to cheat life. It is accurate, fair, just, but not at all machine-like. Life is facile and adjustable—spontaneous, compensating, intelligent. Its own plan may not be violated, but, as we have shown before, the introduction of a different element in any part of it sets into operation another pattern or plan.

Nature is capable of as many adjustments and patterns as there are possible ideas in the universe. Life is as infinitely adjustable as Mind is infinitely creative.

When we have done all we can possibly do, we feel justified in calling upon additional strength and inspiration. It is a sense of having an honest right to anything that permits us to embrace it more firmly. It is difficult for most of us to take hold of the generous mercies and helpful forces around us. We cannot understand the magnanimity of divine love always and already at hand.

But apparently we are supposed to use the avenues at hand for the intake of God—energy and intelligence. Inherent in any person or situation are the necessary elements of salvation, healing, adjust-

ment and harmony. You do not have to go anywhere outside yourself, for your divine pattern is whole and complete. The so-called miraculous is seldom necessary. The divine adjustableness of life and matter can permit of change within its own natural laws.

I have always been deeply impressed by the Bible story of Elisha's going to help the poor widow. He tried to show her that she already had the elements of her rehabilitation. His question was highly significant. He said, "What have you in the house?"

When people rise out of difficulties and lacks of any kind, it is usually through the use of some quality, ability or talent they already possess.

The widow had a cruse of oil. Elisha started with this homely possession and corrected her lack and put joy back in her heart. Elisha gave her nothing. He used what she had! Spiritual vision turned upon any situation always reveals the key that will unlock it. One is never empty. Whenever you are in any way impoverished, or facing a situation that seems to call for more than you are accustomed to expressing, don't waste time trying to bring in some foreign element. Ask yourself firmly, "What have I in the house?"

Some tact and wisdom that have seemed ineffective will, if persisted in, heal some domestic discord.

Some ordinary object or idea can be transmuted into what you need. God has made you whole—you have all that you need to meet any situation of life. Find it! But first, understand your wholeness, your divine integrity as a citizen of a perfectly balanced universe—as a child of a God of sanity and wholeness, love and wisdom.

Confidence as your right in all of living—not just a personal assurance—is the more lasting and wellbred expression of the ego. Confidence in the divine plan and rightness over all gives our faith deep roots that no earthly happening can sway.

In the universal plan there is apparently a deep necessity for each person to recognize his individual expression of its greatness. One meets situations constantly where he must prove his independence and resiliency as a separate conscious entity. It is infantile to try to avoid it by sentimentality or other props.

Life is creative movement. When we wish to take no part in it, it is because our own expression of it is impaired. Energy and vision are the direct result of a fine and clear connection with our refreshing Source.

There is a clogging of the pipe-line when a man feels no surging urge to creation and expression. Early discouragements may have made endeavor

painful. His body may not be generating sufficient strength to feed an ambition. Someone may always have done his thinking for him, therefore his mental muscles are weak and tire easily. The simplest way to counteract this feeling of weakness and indecision is to make an exercise of deciding a certain number of things every day. They may be actual affairs or they may be imaginary problems.

Life is in the movement of Mind. As it expresses on any plane there is a heightened impression of life. Death is non-expressive. In it there is no movement as we know it. Just to the extent that we encourage and invite Life through expressions of it, are we alive.

The expression of Life is life-giving. Fatigue, that mystery that baffles modern science, is primarily lack of impulse and is therefore mental and emotional to a great extent.

Half the battle lies in understanding that we need only connect ourselves with the underlying surge of life. To keep this fact in mind, is to see always that since there is a basic pattern being worked out in us, we can change it only after we have complied with its intent in us. It is entirely possible for one, by the continual exercise of his will, to create any kind of life he wants *if* he is willing to comply with the conditions that stand between him and his goal.

His divine heritage of individuality gives him this power.

Quietly, deep in the soul, scarcely heard above the tumult of the immediate and the obvious, is the sublime and saving fact that no man need carry out the pattern of his present. By a spontaneous act of Mind, he can set himself into a completely different sequence of happenings and events.

No man is trapped irrevocably save as he gives his consent.

The fact that he exercises his prerogative so seldom is seen as the result of fear, lack of confidence, disbelief in his Divinity and his unawareness of the integrity of the universe.

God has given us individual freedom but, unseeing, we bow to the weakness we feel in being separated from Him.

We must believe in formulæ, patterns, principles of order—work with them in our habitual thinking, or we shall merely add to the confusion that blurs our vision of their reality and sanity.

A young man once dropped into the study of his minister and said, "I've made an awful mess of my life." The clergyman smiled and said, "Congratulations!" The young man stared at him in surprise. The clergyman continued:

"How wonderful to know that you did it! If you

made that, you can make something else. The important thing is to know that you did the making. So many people imagine it was someone else. Or they believe that conditions were against them. There is a self within you that cannot be put upon by anything outside itself."

There is a divine alchemy that can make its own conditions—a perfectly natural law of harmonious adjustment that will operate when it is set into operation by you. God gave us the law. We have to use it. Being free individuals, having dominion over all the earth, so the Bible says, we must turn consciously to any law by which we hope consciously to benefit.

The final direction of our lives is left to us.

When things go wrong, an adult who places the blame for his failure or unhappiness anywhere except squarely on his own shoulders is twisting the truth to make himself more comfortable. The hammering of the impressions of our environment does shape most of us. It conditions us, as Dr. Watson would say, to certain automatic responses to a great extent.

But how does this explain those numerous people who have risen out of the same environment that traps the majority? Many men and women have asserted their fineness in the midst of coarseness, have

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gained social positions that the other members of their families did not enjoy, have educated themselves in the midst of ignorance, have brought reason into the environment of superstition.

In my work I am often confronted with some man who says his wife holds him back, some woman who says her husband's grossness ruins the family's standing in the community, some girl who says her mother will not cooperate with her in her plans and ruins her life. These detriments may not be passed off lightly. To the person without the knowledge of his divine individuality they might indeed be devastating.

There is tension and heartbreak in the life of the young person who cannot invite her friends to her home because of the rudeness and lack of cooperation of her family. There is a real task before the woman whose family does not share or even admire her aspirations.

But no matter how difficult, how seemingly impossible release may be, no situation can long withstand the power of divine inspiration in the life of any person.

The one who tries to be different from the others in his environment is essaying the hardest task that ever confronts a human being. But intelligence, which we have already analyzed as essentially kind,

guides him in minimizing his difficulties. Would that more talented people had the extra art of being wise in asserting themselves! Most of them simply invite ridicule and persecution by a constant parade of their would-be superiority—which is certainly getting the cart before the horse.

The best way to guarantee one's own freedom and superiority is to keep one's companions reminded of their good points. Words of encouragement to someone else instead of telling of one's own abilities will often inspire people who have been careless and indifferent for many years.

You are not interfering with other people's individuality when you stir them to a higher expression of themselves. Tell other people of their great possibilities, praise any of their admirable accomplishments as evidence of their latent power. One may often gain cooperation and at the same time bless the lives of the persons cooperating. Coercion must not enter into it.

The one thing that is most hard to bear with a brave front is the constant suggestion that one is wrong. Some people constantly find other people wrong in order to stoke the fires of their own feeling of superiority. Others know that it is a deadly weapon and use it deliberately to undermine. There are very few of this latter type. But the damage

done by either kind is nullified when their suggestions fall against the divine assurance that is fed from the deep well-springs of understanding. Trying to protect the ego with logic under constant disapproval is a wearing process—one that leaves its scars.

The eating, nagging, destructive suggestion of disapproval has wrecked more talents, more friendships and homes than any other single element. Friendly criticism, given and accepted in a spirit of loving helpfulness, can be assimilated. But any other kind does nothing but build up greater resistance and stronger barriers.

The divine ego, however badly expressed, will not agree that it is constantly wrong. The basic rightness within a man makes it impossible for him to relish disapproval, however much his acts may warrant it.

The only way to handle or help him is to accent and bring out that deep force toward right that is persistently present within us. In no way does this imply that senseless flattery should be used. The constant suggestion of the excellence of his inner pattern brings its truth before him. There is no way to refute the truth that one will, soon or late, act upon the contents of his mind. Such a simple truth can be and is already understood by most people,

but very few pay any attention to it. When someone displeases us, we are still likely to tell him that he is an undesirable citizen. Every time you tell him that, you simply imbed the idea a little deeper into his subconscious mind.

We should never tell ourselves, a child, or anyone, anything about himself that we do not want him to act upon.

Injustice is an untruth at base. It is out of balance and therefore cannot endure for long. As mature people, we should be willing to face a certain amount of it. It is inevitable in a world where so few people know their real natures.

When we feel that we are unjustly treated by life, we should be very sure of our ground before becoming convinced of it. Looking back in my own life (and no one need look far for so-called injustice), I find that the situations I have rebelled against most strenuously proved to be opportunities for me to strengthen myself.

To keep still before misrepresentation, not to mind being misquoted or one's intent twisted, to strive against the habit of indignation, that great enemy of beauty—in short, to minimize the feeling of injustice as much as possible, gives one a peaceful dignity and a poised control that has many virtues and advantages besides its original use.

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Every inharmony is an opportunity to assert harmony. It should invite the spiritually poised person to harmonious action just as a blank canvas lures the painter. Both are means for the expression of divine inspiration.

In the deep poise of his inner strength, the person who knows his Source acts with gentle firmness—never, never, does he have the slightest inclination to compel others or to boast or to strut. These infantile procedures are not for one of his beautifully mature spirit. The tender kindness inherent in fine intelligence broods like a mother's love over every word he utters; every act has the aura of the highest civilization we now know, the deepest consideration for other people.

Necessarily he can see duplicity without condemnation. He can defend himself when really necessary (and how seldom it is necessary!) without rancor. The storms and stresses that tear at those who are spiritually blind, even though they may be directed at him, leave him with but pity in his heart.

Pity for the suffering and uncertainty of the man who has not found God's hand in his own—who does not feel the rhythm of the universe in consonance with the throb of his own heartbeat—who

does not know that injustice is ultimately impossible, that everything can be turned to the account of *good*. And that every good thing is the result of the proper combination of elements.

VIII

ANALYZE YOUR BELIEFS

The Seventh Thing to Do: Decide what you really believe about immortality, spiritualism, astrology and hypnotism, for you will find your estimate of yourself in your answer.

AN AGREEABLE HOPE of immortality is not a belief in it. I am almost ashamed to say that nothing I ever read or heard in church convinced me of immortality. It was a statement attributed to Socrates by Plato. You will remember that before Socrates drank the hemlock he dropped his probing attitude and told his good friends, who were with him at the last, just what he really felt to be truemuch of which he could not prove. The idea of becoming nothing at his death was apparently distasteful to him and in pitting his logic against it he convinced me as well as himself.

The exact words are not before me and haven't been for years, but the sense is preserved in the following words and they are approximately correct:

Something cannot emerge from Nothing. Neither can Something resolve itself into Nothing.

The force of those simple short statements struck upon my mind with such clarity that I have never since doubted that since I am something now I shall not cease to be some form of that something after death. Looking at the material world for a parallel, I was delighted to observe that not even matter can be destroyed—it can only be changed.

Though a solid go up in gas, it is possible for the gas, under certain conditions, to become the solid again. Even after the most devastating fire, there are ashes left—the elements of which, combined with other elements and certain natural processes, could become again the material that was burned. It is far-fetched, but not impossible, that they might become the elements of an exactly similar cell structure.

Since nature is at such pains to preserve individuality in this life, it seems illogical to suppose all that effort would be abandoned at death. To what purpose have we experienced individualism except for a heightened consciousness of that individuality? True intelligence is neither wasteful and purposeless nor chaotic and destructive. Thus I became firmly convinced of immortality.

Once convinced, there was a disposition to read immortal purposes into every trivial occurrence. And my pleasure and satisfaction grow yearly as my

personal fund of unscientific but poetically logical evidence mounts.

The intuitive knowledge back of poetic logic appears to be becoming a forerunner of the colder, more positive variety. Cold logic is based on very limited data, while the intuitive conviction within a man draws on Mind, which is, of necessity, all-knowing.

Many times one simply knows a new fact without any evidence of it or communication about it. Since it cannot be substantiated in the usual way, he says nothing about it—but when the event or condition which he *knew* about transpires, he will remember that he knew it in advance.

No thinking person should be asked to limit his views solely to material evidence and actual experience, for these change with every new discovery. Interesting and wonderful as material science is, valuable and necessary as it is, it cannot take the place of the creative urge. Science must confine itself to what has been done, to explain existing phenomena. Intelligent Life, spontaneous and creative, brings new experience and new facts into being.

We should be permitted to judge an idea or teaching by its works. A premise must be somewhat

correct if acting upon it brings the same result each time.

Those students whom I have convinced of immortality have taken a new lease on life, have developed more self-respect, more poise. I have not engaged their minds in any imaginary interpretation of life after death—preferring to leave them free to keep themselves related to reality. Their satisfaction is not a false sense of security, for they are willing to let life unfold its secrets at the proper time.

I have not offered them a complete structure of moral deserts nor have I any maps of heaven or hell. I have offered them the single, simple verity of the integrity and wholeness of the intelligence back of ALL.

Virtue does not suddenly leave the principle of Mind when a man dies. What happens exactly beyond that moment no one knows. But certainly life after death can be no more baffling than life before death. Even as we pass through it we know practically nothing about it.

When we really understand the life we now have, there will probably be contained in it some clues to future existence. We simply do not understand it now. But, judging by the rest of the universe, whatever it is will be orderly, kindly intelligent.

But while we are expressing on this plane, there is little to be gained by striving toward the next one. As we learn the lessons of this life, we will proceed naturally on in a universe of infinity.

Trying to leap over this experience and to share in the next one seems to end in nothing. Many people try to find in spiritualism the happiness and comfort they should get from deep within themselves. Our hearts go out with loving pity to those in the grief of having lost their loved ones. We can understand their clinging devotion and their desire to communicate with those who have died. But their solace should come from their firm faith instead of the questionable continued contact.

Suppose kindergarten children should be allowed to march into an upper grade—there is nothing there for them. They must simply go back where they started and assimilate knowledge suitable to their present state.

If we must communicate with departed spirits before we believe in the continuity of intelligent life, we might as well shout from house-tops that we do not trust the evidence of our own perceptions. And when a man cannot trust himself, a whole army of ghosts isn't going to do him much good!

I have seen remarkable phenomena of so-called spirit communication. I, personally, have had more

extraordinary experiences than I have ever heard or read about, but I have never seen anything or heard anything that convinced me that a disembodied entity had anything to do with it.

I have somehow never been able to overcome the notion that a live man is as good as a dead man any day. If a dead man can move a table which is not even on his plane of consciousness, why may not a live man possess some force or ability that will do the same thing?

Whatever powers are touched or invoked by our so-called spirit communication, are not on a very high level. No solution of man's woes has ever come back to us in any of these attempts. No great truth or scientific fact has ever been given us in that way. No great leading away from disaster has reached us through spiritualism. At best, it seems to be but a recording of impressions from the substates of the medium and her listeners. Apparently these disembodied spirits don't know as much as we do!

Since time immemorial, great teachers have warned people away from this type of experimenting. I once thought that their disapproval was but a bit of self-preservation. But when one sees how many people give their own God-qualities of knowing and their own right to direct inspiration over

to these strange states of consciousness, one begins to understand religion's frowning upon it.

If we had sufficient faith in the integrity of the universe, we should be willing to commit our loved ones who have died to its finely intelligent care. Lacking faith in God and His greater wisdom we seek petty substitutions that cannot satisfy.

In a lifetime study of various beliefs and religions, I believe I have gained less from the time spent on spiritualism than on any of the others.

One wonders why so little is said of spirits about to be born unto this life. Why is all the interest concentrated on those who have left it? I should think it would be as easy to communicate with one as the other. Or are we supposed to believe that spirits are created when they are born as human beings?

It is usually of the past that so-called spirits speak. They have little or nothing to say about the future, except in unimportant personal details. They speak with vague encouragement of the future, but that is all.

Psychic phenomena are exceedingly interesting and not without scientific significance so long as they concern the sensitive ability of the psychic to register and repeat existing facts. But when a perfectly natural ability is explained as being the guid-

ance or prompting of a departed spirit, the value has gone from the phenomena, so far as human development is concerned.

Almost everyone has had some experience with thought transference and intuitive knowing. A large number of people are able to sense the personalities and sometimes the appearance of people who left a room before they entered, or lived in a house they now occupy. We all have had fleeting moods of gladness or sadness only to find the cause was someone else's state of mind. There is nothing mysterious or unearthly about these occurrences.

Everything that has ever been has left its mark in the world. Those who explain everything in terms of vibrations say that every act, every word that was ever spoken, has created a wave of vibration that still exists—and that if one were sensitive enough or could produce an instrument sufficiently sensitive, those vibrations could be picked up and heard again.

Mystic religions refer to this vibrational content of the ether as the Archaic Records. They claim the knowledge of this retention of vibration is back of the Biblical warning that "nothing is hidden but shall be revealed." It is also said to be the origin of Judgment Day, when our records will be known. We know that it does not take long to garble any

truth and to surround it with superstition and fear!

Any great force or truth is so essentially simple and impersonal that every one has access to it.

The mind within us does know everything and I believe it is entirely possible for anyone under the right conditions to know the truth about anything. Each man is whole as an expression of God and has within himself access to All of Everything. His study should be to discover the avenues by which he himself may draw upon that access. Whatever diverts his mind into a necessity to depend on anything outside himself, his known and unknown powers, betrays the God within him.

The new study of the Frontier of the Mind, which is more like a game with many people, has vast significance. It is a test of one's ability to bring intuitive knowledge through into expression. There are a certain number of symbols—such as crosses, circles and stars. One tries to picture which of them will turn up and calls out the one he believes will appear next. If one calls three out of five correctly, it is supposed to indicate that he is highly intuitive. Anything that starts men reaching for the development of their undiscovered powers is valuable—even if we should go down many blind lanes.

I have nothing against psychic phenomena except as people put them in the place of their own facul-

ties. Mankind must learn to stand on its own feet. When will we stop this senseless reaching out for dependence upon a departed spirit, the movement of a ouija-board, the right position of the stars, or the turn of the wheel of fortune?

Man's communication with Mind is direct. What he cannot bring through himself, in broad daylight under sane and normal conditions, he would best do without. When we live and think in a way to develop higher faculties, we shall have them. Borrowed development, if indeed some of these things can be called by so dignified a name, will do little for us.

When one registers the vibrations left by some person who lived before, he is not necessarily in touch with the entity itself. Even though facts long buried should come to light, as was my experience, there is still no necessity for a spirit to be relaying the information.

The truth about anything is in the very air. The universe is whole, complete. There is nowhere for a fact to be mislaid or lost. We may be blind to it—but the fact is still there. When someone suddenly becomes aware of it, through putting himself in a position to see it, he does not need a disembodied entity to help him.

One person's guess is as good as another's about

the spirits of those who have died. But I have always believed that a different state of consciousness was just what the words mean—a different state of consciousness. The person who has died has passed into a state different from ours. If this is true, as is reasonable, then communication is impossible. So far as I am concerned, a medium is but reading from the existing record of vibrations, though she may be entirely sincere in believing that she is talking to those who have died.

Even if communication were possible, why should a spirit freed from the confining tyranny of the body, with his new and wonderful world before him, be asked or expected to stay around here? Love, worthy of the name, would not seek to detain him an instant. If two souls really belong together, they will find each other when they are both on the same plane. If there is no law to draw them together, isn't it rather senseless to think there is any real belonging? But we would rather cling than trust, until we find our faith in the integrity of the universe.

Certainly no enlightened person would want to stop any type of investigation that could, by any stretch of the imagination, result in scientific discovery. But it has been proved over and over that psychic research should be done by scientists and not

by emotional women or weak men groping for something outside themselves.

Human beings will look for guidance in sticks, cards, palms, handwriting, stars—anywhere except where it is really to be had: in the deep, quiet holy of holies within, where Mind speaks to them if they still their outward striving and clamoring long enough to listen.

Thousands of people depend daily on dictation from the stars as interpreted by astrology. There can certainly be no harm in studying the heavens and in trying to determine what effect, if any, they have on human life. No doubt they have some effect, as everything has the world over. We all respond to atmosphere of various kinds. The weather affects us.

Everything of which we are aware impinges upon our consciousness with some kind of impression. But whether the stars have the all-reaching power ascribed to them, a domination that defies the will of the man himself, is something to give pause.

We all have friends who would not dare start a new project or take a trip if the stars did not portend success. Others, no matter how much in love, would not dream of marrying someone in a supposedly inharmonious astrological sign.

In my personal observation, those married friends

of compatible signs do not escape the necessity of unselfish adjustment to another personality any more than those of inharmonious signs! One wonders if statistics along this line would bear out this indication. It would be interesting to discover. So far as I can judge, there are just as many divorces among compatible signs as among incompatible ones.

There is no ready-made happiness for them. Each couple must earn their own harmony through understanding, patience and unselfishness.

If astrology were entirely true, then the stars would be supreme and men their puppets. Under their domination, men would live under a mechanistic, fatalistic pattern that would make of them automatons.

There is no denying the fact that there seems to be some influence from the movement of heavenly bodies, especially of the moon; but just how extensive or inevitable it is has yet to be proved.

If one could pursue astrology for the interest and diversion of it, there might be much to gain. But to make an exact science of it and tell a son of God, the inheritor of a spontaneous intelligence, that he is to be a victim or a favored one because the Sun and Mars are in some certain relation to each other,

is certainly placing an undue stress on what would, at most, be a minor contributing influence.

A sixteen-year-old boy was told that he should keep away from moving vehicles on a certain day between three and five in the afternoon, because a black fate awaited him. The boy, young and impressionable, made his plans to stay locked in his room.

Fortunately, he had a mother who refused to let fear dominate her child. She insisted that he go downtown with her and together they crossed and recrossed the streets through traffic steadily between the hours of three and five, being careful to take intelligent precautions for their safety.

After five o'clock the boy went home feeling very manly and self-sufficient. He became convinced that disasters occur because forethought and preparation were not sufficient to meet the circumstances and not because Jupiter had moved over a fraction of an inch.

The best astrologers do not claim omniscience. They are scientific in their approach and have as much curiosity about the matter as the newest devotee. But the public, unfortunately for themselves, have more than a scientific interest in its portents. They put it in the place of God. They dethrone their own self-mastery for it.

It is undoubtedly the desire to escape responsibility that makes people so willing to be dominated by something outside themselves. Their own failures and inattention, inaccuracy and laziness can be covered up by the belief in some influence before which they are powerless. If theirs is not the responsibility, theirs cannot be the blame—so they rationalize.

The devious ways the ego strives to justify itself are intricate indeed! It will accept failure and dominance at foreign hands sooner than it will admit itself wrong! Such is the effort of the ego to be supreme in any and all circumstances. Text-books explaining that this state of mind is infantile gather dust on library shelves.

The ego doesn't care whether it is infantile or mature so long as it is justified in its own peculiar logic.

The only solution is gradually to teach people that the ego is essentially right—and it is! When a man really understands just what is the power of the pressure of his ego for supremacy, he begins to reinterpret that power more sanely. It is the God within him, which, being supreme, being powerful and perfect, will not accept or admit anything other than that, no matter what fantasies must be falsified

to make it so in the man's blind and groping experience.

The energy and persistence of the ego is power indeed. But we try to crush ego and then attempt to build up energy behind morality, duty and other human expediency. We might as well make tired, unwilling men pull a plow, when a strong horse is snorting in the barn. The ego wrongly interpreted as a childish desire to show off has been pushed aside, argued down, even denied altogether. But, like steam, it keeps escaping somewhere. Isn't it time we saw it for what it is, and instead of abusing it—lead it out into a fine expression of itself? This thought is the most valuable contribution of my work to modern psychology.

True, when one starts the encouragement of an ego, it becomes temporarily almost unbearable in its voracious appetite for approval. But, like a child in a candy-store, it soon becomes sated and bored with itself, then its great energy can be turned to account for the whole of humanity.

A beautiful woman, who regarded herself as an incurable nervous case, came to me and stated she had tried everything to get her mind off herself. She told me that she had, on someone's advice, taken up sculpture to divert her mind. But as she thumped her clay she sang silently in a sort of mad

rhythm, "I'm doing this to get my mind off myself. I'm doing this to get my mind off myself." She cried aloud in her agony of mind and almost screamed, "I'm losing my mind. I know I am. I can't get my mind off myself!"

I studied her for a while silently—which she evidently enjoyed. Before I spoke, I calmly poured us both a cup of tea. Then I said firmly and slowly, "I can't think of a single reason why you should take your mind off yourself. Who said that you should?"

She stared at me with her mouth hanging open. "Why—why—everybody," she stammered. "Since I've been a young girl I've always understood that I thought about myself too much. In Switzerland, in Germany, in England—everyone told me to stop it—but I can't. Oh, I see through their idea of substitution of effort and it doesn't work, not for me!" (I thought to myself, "No, substitution doesn't work unless the patient's mind is in full agreement with it.")

But I said aloud, "Well, I think it's perfectly ridiculous for you to stop thinking about yourself. I certainly shan't stop thinking about you. You're one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. Why shouldn't you enjoy thinking of your beauty? It doesn't make sense in a world that has so much

ugliness in it for beauty not to enjoy being beautiful. I have a plan for you. You've come to me. Will you really do exactly what I tell you to do without question? There may not appear to be much sense to it, so I'll just have to ask for your childish obedience. Will you promise me to obey my instructions regardless of what you think of them?"

With her lips pressed whitely together in her nervousness, she promised grimly that she would do anything.

"Very well then, at ten o'clock every morning you are to seat yourself before your mirror, having put on your prettiest peignoir. Admire your eyes, your throat, your brow, the nape of your neck, the turn of your cheek and every feature of your great beauty. For twenty minutes by the clock, you are to do this every morning for two weeks. At the end of that time report to me. Stop the sculpture and walk instead, every day."

I was of the opinion that in a few months of agreement with the trend of her tension it could not sustain itself without opposition and she would be healed of it, during which time we could unravel the real situation behind her determination not to stop thinking of herself. But it wasn't necessary.

To my astonishment she burst into my study at

the end of the two weeks with the plaintive cry, "I'm so bored with myself! Please don't make me sit and admire myself any more. Can't I do something else? Anything else?"

I insisted that she do it for another week, at the end of which time we both admitted that hers was a closed case. Never have I seen any human being so grateful.

The casual reader may suppose that there had been nothing the matter with her, in the first place; or that, because the premise of her tension was contemptibly slight, the woman couldn't have suffered. But any psychologist knows that the subject matter of a tension is the least important part of it. One can suffer as acutely over one thing as another. Nothing is unimportant when a mind fastens upon it.

I often wonder if practitioners are right in trying to read an intricate history into every case. Some of them are extremely involved, but the habit of trying to force every problem through a set predetermined analytical necessity is as bigoted in psychology as it is in theology. It is possible for a case simple of treatment to be extremely dangerous and serious. And sometimes the most superficial slight difficulties will lead through a maze of transferences and almost elude discovery.

The importance of a disturbance is not the extent of its involvement, but the intensity of its impression upon its unhappy owner. Perhaps psychology will make faster strides when it unburdens itself of a sophomoric urge to baffle the common man with its precious intricacies, and instead strives to make its great simplicities usable to more people.

Soon or late the psychologist and even the medical man has to form his own opinion about all he has learned, all he has heard, and to let his own experience bear out his stand. He must take from the diverging schools of thought what appears to him to be true. He must gather his precepts independently, choosing one thought here, an idea there, tabulating them as they are borne out in his experience—and adding to them the colloid of his own intuitional application of them.

I do not know a medical man who will not admit that his diagnoses are more than fifty percent intuitional. It would be unfair to reveal the name of a very popular New York doctor who says he trusts his intuition more than an X-ray. "One can read an X-ray wrongly," he claims; "diseased tissue may not even show on it—but when a man who wholeheartedly serves humanity feels as close to them as I do, by Jove, his mind sees through them better than an X-ray! But if I ever said that in a meeting, I

should be thrown out of the Society!" So much for a great doctor's confidence.

In waves of popularity, about every other decade hypnotism rears its head to claim its toll of human initiative, and a certain number of devotees rush to it again. The public spectacle of a man's being hypnotized for the amusement of an audience has all the horror of one of Nero's choice afternoons for the mind of one who believes that a man's individuality is his most divine possession. To see it thus trammeled, even if the victim is willing, is a sad sight if one believes that the ego is the God-consciousness within him.

Only one thing is stronger than ego and that is a man's divine right to choose; therefore if he chooses to give over his power of choice, the ego is helpless. Under the laws of nature or man anyone can sign away his birthright, if he is so foolish as to do so. He can also let it be usurped bit by bit gradually through small defeats, through the thoughtless, ruthless dominance or discouragement of another personality. Or he can impair it through a negative lack of proper valuation of himself.

To hypnotize a man to cure him is exactly like a dictator's taking possession of a nation for its supposed good. After the cure—what then? The nation becomes the dictator. The value of hypnotism

lies in constructive suggestion—which would best be given while the patient is conscious.

I do not mean to attack any system of thought—there is some virtue in all of them. But I do want to ask you to stop short before taking up any outside influence, and measure it by the simple yardstick of its effect on your individuality. A man's estimate of himself is seen in his willingness to be guided by superstition. If one is willing to invest portents with the power to shape his life, he is guilty of blasphemy.

There is no bad luck or combination of events that will not yield to intelligence—or that cannot be prevented by intelligence. No man is trapped in any inevitable pattern or compulsory sequence of events. The spontaneous mind of God as it is expressed in man can take charge of his affairs and direct them with authority. Do not have so poor an opinon of the self within you.

By the way, what do you think of yourself? Just to the extent that you place your faith in influences outside yourself, you lack faith in the God intelligence within you.

Do not let the arguments between the different schools of psychology and theology confuse you as to the main issue of your identity. It matters not if your consciousness began as a two-cell organism

millions of years ago. That does not disprove that as you became more conscious and more intelligent you embodied more and more of the Intelligence behind it all.

You stand today, a man capable of introspective thought, able to visualize occurrences thousands of miles away from your physical vision, able to dissect and harness the powers about you. In the constant movement of life you will develop abilities one day to which now you could not even give credence. The Bible states, "It does not yet appear what ye shall be!" But we do know that we shall travel faster and more directly if we do not hand over the reins of our inner authority under the delusion that self-realization will be heightened or quickened. Look only to authority for guidance. Look only to Mind for intelligence.

It matters not that most of your reactions can be explained as mechanistic reflexes conditioned by environment. This is a compliment to you. Mechanism is a tacit admission that Life is efficient, ingenious. One marvels at the inherent intelligence of the soul—to have devised ways in which most of its processes require no conscious thought, leaving the mind of awareness free for spontaneous direction and creative endeavor.

Are we expected to believe that inert matter (if

indeed such exists) made such elaborate arrangements within itself?

Mechanism is a brilliant technique of convenience. Use it! Use all these remarkable sciences and discoveries, but don't let them use you! Do not quarrel with either the vitalists or the mechanists. Both are right.

Science may quarrel with religion—but intelligent religion embraces science.

Science has and will continue to make us more aware of the richness of life, the wonders of mind and the completeness of the universe. Only mind can reveal mind.

Keep your identity inviolate—have sufficient selfrespect and mental fastidiousness to protect your inner unity.

IX

DIRECT YOUR ENERGY

The Eighth Thing to Do: Form some idea of the nature and source of your energy.

What keeps you going? Is it calories or ideas? Desire for accomplishment? Vanity? Is it spinach or hope? Or do you derive your energy from the great dynamo of the universe, Mind?

If it is mind, you are the kind of person who needs but little food, less sleep than most people, and you are very likely to achieve the completion of some plan you have in mind. You have the force to make your mark and to render some inspired service to humanity.

If you are drawing on the great stream of consciousness for force, you are in touch with inexhaustible energy.

When you stand one day surprised by your own endurance, somewhat awed by the fact that extended effort has not worn you out, but has stimulated you, then the simple statement of Jesus creeps into your mind, "It is not I, but the Father within me—He doeth the works."

When we can learn not to think that our own little strength must be guarded and spent with niggardly caution, we begin to be free from the fear of failure.

Many a failure in life will tell you that he just found himself in a place where he couldn't do anything about it, that his efforts availed nothing, circumstances or other personalities were too strong for him. In other words, he hadn't the strength with which to meet his life. He measured his little pittance of physical and mental energy against the odds before him and threw up his hands. And no wonder! He needed a new vision of the source of his energy.

But what difference do the odds make to a man who is constantly refreshed by continuous contact with the inflow of the current of Mind-force that surges through his being?

One can do a great deal more than his average day's work and feel refreshed by the doing when he uses the current of God-energy available to him, instead of wondering if the calories in his lunch are going to see him through.

Fatigue sometimes furnishes a convenient rationalization for the unwillingness, indisposition or the inability to accomplish more. The determination to be exhausted may have its cause in emotional

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unhappiness, an environment of disapproval, or the fear that one might not succeed if he made an effort.

Fatigue can be a mask. All too often it is a false face, a cover. We put it on in order to escape unpleasantness. We discuss it here simply as a reason for asking you to question your own fatigue.

If you have ever said to someone you did not like, "Oh, you make me tired," you spoke the truth, except that you made yourself tired because of him. We actually become weary when faced with what displeases us—unless we are that unusual type of person who depends upon the stimulation of his constant indignation to keep him animated.

I do not mean that we pretend fatigue. As interest fades from a situation our feeling of weariness becomes quite real and may even have physical symptoms. The person who is habitually tired may need a tonic of iron, a milk diet or an ocean trip; but, if you look carefully, you'll also find that he has a lengthy record of frustration. Give this wornout man something he is weary with wanting and he will spring into the air like a boy.

I made an experiment with a young lady in my employ that brought an astonishing result. We kept her at exacting work all morning, gave her little time for lunch and kept her racing from one puzzling task to another all afternoon. At four-

thirty her eyes looked haunted, had large circles under them and their whites were muddy. Her posture had slumped. I noticed that her breath was bad. There was every evidence of honest physical exhaustion.

During a brief respite she flung herself into a chair with her legs thrust out before her and remarked that she was too tired to eat any dinner, that when she ate when she was so fatigued she could not digest her food. She planned, she confided, to take a hot bath when she got home and then go straight to bed. "I don't think it is good for anybody to be so tired," she whispered resentfully; "I can hardly move." And truly I felt sorry for her and wondered if we hadn't driven her more than was necessary for the experiment.

At a quarter of five, by prearrangement, a very nice young man of whom she was more than fond, called her on the telephone. She dragged herself back to the desk wearily and answered forlornly. But when she heard his voice she became electrified with delight. He asked her to go dining and dancing with him. Without a moment's hesitation she accepted gayly.

With her spine straight and her head high she went back to her work and did not spare herself. She laughed with the other girls, talked and joked

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and made never a single reference to having been tired. She had actually forgotten it.

When fifteen minutes later she left the office, there were no circles under her eyes, the whites of them were clear and sparkling. Her breath was no longer offensive and she seemed literally charged with an excess of energy that only hours of dancing could discharge. She tripped gayly out the door with a last witty quip and left us sitting looking after her with our mouths open.

It was not just her mood that had altered. An actual physiological change had taken place—and in fifteen minutes! The girl had been really tired. She hadn't just imagined it. It was not just a mood that happiness had easily pushed aside.

Our experiment was neither particularly profound nor conclusive, but it gave interesting evidence to add to the fund of those studying fatigue. It is a difficult and elusive subject. One can neither find it exactly nor describe it except as an unwillingness to function longer in the existing circumstances.

No one should drive himself too far physically. Rest is nature's great protection—and there is a limit, on the physical plane, beyond which one cannot safely go. But experiment seems to indicate that this limit is not so close as we have always believed it to be.

There is a plus quality within us that can be called upon when we really want to do so.

Does our strength really come from food itself—or from some inherent ability to change the food into energy? An ox eats grass and grows into a greatly powerful animal. A human being would starve on a diet of grass. Yet all his elaborate study of food, his chemical knowledge and absorption in physiology, yield him but the puniest energy in comparison with that of an ox.

If energy really were contained in food alone, man should be the most powerful animal on earth. We seem not to be able to live without it, yet it may be that far less of it would produce more energy if we knew some superior alchemy or admixture of food with mental processes.

I have no solution of the situation—but by asking questions and stimulating you to ask them of scientists and of yourself, we may come upon some superior knowledge of what is now a foggy mystery.

Since two people can eat the same amount of food and derive totally different amounts of energy from it, there is some personal equation in the matter. We all seem to be safe in putting less faith in food and more in our own spontaneous energy of mind. But let us not be one-sided in our opinion.

Sometimes the reports of inquirers into the hu-

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man being sound as limited as would jottings of visitors from Mars examining a thoroughly modern house.

The stranger who happened to enter a bathroom would say, "Human beings live in houses riddled with water-pipes. They do nothing but wash all the time. They immerse the extremities in small bowls of water. The entire body is laved in a large, long dish of water. Human beings live in a constant desire to be in water—no doubt an inherited memory of their early existence in the slime of the young world millions of years ago. Human beings have a fish complex."

The stranger who happened to go into the kitchen would say, "Human beings live in houses where they can cook and store food near them. They care more for their stomachs than for any other part of the body. They are great builders of cupboards. But their entire lives are concentrated on the preparation of food."

The one who chanced into the library would say that human beings read all the time. Or looking at a bedroom would say that we prefer to sleep, since all our preparation is for reclining. Or the one who happened to get into the attic would say that we devote all our energies to collecting useless, unrelated objects; that we are without art.

We must not be likewise blinded when we try to search for the source of man's energy. Some people say that, since we feel so much better when we breathe properly, energy comes from the air. There are students who will think this much nearer the truth than that energy comes from drinking a great deal of water (having noticed that water refreshes the body). Others are positive that some special food or combination of foods alone gives strength. And so on and on and on with diets, nostrums and physical culture.

There is truth in them all. But let us picture the necessary fact that there is a principle of unity in the whole man. Its leadership need not be given over to any merely contributing factor of body or personality or to any other human being. Declare the supremacy of the God-self within you, invoke its intelligent leadership, let it inspire you with vision to keep each element functioning properly, and you will discover that life will move with little effort and much effect for you.

At this point in our development, it is almost unimportant whether we are able to think ourselves out of problems with no material help or whether we employ every available law on the plane of matter. It is possible to use either method or any combination of the two. We shall find our superior

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forces much sooner if we keep our leadership and employ the trial and error method of experience. It will, no doubt, be found ultimately true that our mental forces become more direct in their operations as we progress; but in the meantime, if we use material means, we cannot be said to be insulting Mind, since intelligence has provided all avenues of aid.

When one wishes to arrive at a physical goal there are many avenues open to him. He can walk, ride a horse, a bicycle, ride in a train, an automobile, a boat, or an airplane. It is entirely possible that one day a man may simply wish to be in a certain place and be there. Such a possibility does not show contempt or disrespect for the other means of locomotion. Each operates on its own plane and by its own laws. Let us choose those ways, whether in traveling or thinking or healing, that fit our own consciousness and development best.

I have seen much conflict stirred in a consciousness by the attempted use of principles that were beyond the grasp of the person trying to use them. Use whatever is understandable and practical for you at any given time.

The important thing is to recognize that you are bringing into expression all that you can grasp of God-intelligence to bear on any situation. If you

keep this fact in mind, you will never make a god of the means that you employ, but will see everything as merely a channel for divine expression. Herein lies your safety—your breadth of mind—your protection from the threatening narrowness of present development.

When we see God's hand in everything and merely seek to open the way for our own greater realization of it on every plane, we are on a sane, true basis for living by which we constantly improve.

We shall be able to express more strength when we are on familiar terms with the principle of energy, God. To begin with, our fear of exhausting our own small force will be gone. We will perceive that energy is a principle, just as mathematics is a principle—and that principle cannot be exhausted.

For instance, one might take a pencil and paper and write 4's so long as he lived and his children after him could continue writing them, but the 4's could never be used up. The great comfort in dealing with principles is their inexhaustibility. Life, love, mind, energy are principles. Therefore they are always available to us.

We can increase our expression of energy by en-

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larging our grasp of it—by widening our acceptance of the flow of universal strength into us.

No one advocates an invalid's jumping out of bed and chopping wood just because he decides that energy is a principle. While instantaneous healings are entirely possible, there must be a slower process of actual realization for most of us.

The idea of strength as a current of consciousness must seep into all the crevices of our minds until we are so saturated with conviction that it colors all mental and bodily processes. Gradually it becomes the dominating, harmonizing influence of all our endeavors and affairs.

Nothing broadens our courage and deepens our poise like a calm belief that the universe is back of us. Not as a partisan God who happens to be on our side, but a conviction that the might of the worlds in motion is one with the strength within us. We are sustained, refreshed, upheld not only by the stimulation of such encouragement but by the actual inflow of energy as we recognize it as ours.

When we sense the surge and endlessness of the principle of energy, we see with a cry of gladness that there is always more and more and more of everything.

We loose those inner tensions that cramp the per-

formance of every person who believes that the end of his powers may come any minute, who thinks that his life, whether physical or financial, is being rapidly exhausted.

The bugaboo of being spent taints every phase of life.

Not long ago two young men were discussing their business prospects. One of them was preparing himself with a course in factory management. The other was dismally sure that any such preparation was a waste of time because all good businesses were held by established concerns and there was no room for a newcomer. Everything was taken up. Opportunity was dead. Business had reached the end of its rope. There was no chance for new blood, new ideas.

This dirge of exhausted opportunity has been sung by large numbers of men since the world began. And right before their blinded eyes new objects come into being. New businesses are born, new services created. But they will continue their dirge as they always have, until Mind flashes some inspiration through their brains and they become energized by their own visions.

There have always been those who did not believe in progress—who discourage new ideas as impractical. I have seen an ancient yellowed newspaper

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clipping from old New England saying that all this talk about telephones was merely disturbing to the peace of community life, breeding disrespect for their elders in the young people, and that the whole thing was evil and mad. The very idea—talking to people at a distance over a tiny wire!

If this editor had been told that one day soon men would talk to each other from great distances without a wire, he would probably have started proceedings to have his informant burned as a witch.

There is a constant inflow of new ideas.

Into a world of hooks-and-eyes the zipper arrived as an inspiration to help us in many ways. Dry ice has made many new developments possible. The innovation of frozen foods has swept the country as another vast industry, growing by leaps and bounds. Cellophane was revolutionizing in its effect. Radio, electric refrigeration, aviation and now television invite the mind to explore their possibilities. Yet the dismal chorus drones on about opportunity's being dead.

Clear-visioned people, however, have always been confident that opportunity waits at every turn.

The old adage about its knocking only once is about as broad a misstatement as has ever been repeated by the parrot-minded.

Exhaustion in a human being is a very difficult thing to determine. It is one field where you can't always believe your own eyes. With the proper stimulus there seems to be more energy available at any given point.

Science will have a great deal to say on this interesting and baffling subject in the next twenty years. The best any man can say today is that no one is nearly so sure as he used to be about it. Therefore he shouldn't be so definitely sure that he is exhausted when he thinks he is.

We all have known someone who had great energy and was said to be burning himself out. Such a person was usually thin and his family always spoke of him as being high-strung and going on nervous energy. There is no doubt that there are those of such a type and that they are too active for their own good, that is, with their present mental attitude.

When one simply defies laws of reason and rest, he is usually wrong and must pay for it. He builds up a kind of enjoyment of being the center of his family's concern and keeps up the show—being active for reasons that have more to do with self-dramatization than with an urge toward direct and honest expression. Though, mind you, he may not be entirely aware of this.

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Any mind, quick to dramatize itself, fastens on the idea that it is nobly destroying its body in the superior cause of mental uses. The human mind derives a sense of importance from thus being the central figure in even a drama of horror.

Exhaustion offers suspense and drama. Will his strength last until his work is completed? A race, a contest, offers his mind excitement, and so entertained is it that self-destruction does not weigh against this intense interest.

The mother coaxing him to eat, the father guiding him in physical exercise, help him to destroy himself if their urgings carry the suggestion of rescue from his fascinating drama of diminishment. They only heighten the drama. He has gathered the idea that he is vaguely superior to people who enjoy food. Can you expect him to give up this delight for the unknown state of normal weight? Not if the ego knows itself!

But do not make the mistake of telling him that he is stupid because he doesn't eat. It might work, but there is too much danger that he would merely switch his enjoyment of vague superiority over to the equally exciting internal drama of being inferior. In fact, the mind can become so entirely absorbed in being inferior that there is no room or time for any other idea.

The best procedure is to dangle before his eyes the delights of normalcy. Dramatize strength as always taking the center of the stage. Tell him, until he understands it, that energy is the superb and supreme quality of the universe and that he shares it. Show him that energy is as necessary for mental and spiritual pursuits as for physical ones. But, above all, do what you do and say what you say as casually as possible.

We want the picture of strength to be the normal and the natural concept.

We want a casual, relaxed acceptance of it to permeate his entire being. We want it to be an unconscious verity to him—so that it is finally removed from all sense of drama and becomes merely a fact of his being.

If you, and not your son or daughter, happen to be this weakened person, treat yourself with the suggestions we have discussed. Discipline your mind to accept no idea that is removed from strength. When you eat more than usual, do not think of the strength in the food, think that your appetite is that of a strong man—a great difference!

But when we understand the vast dramas that go on within every human being, we should be foolish not to use those processes to make any desirable change in our own or someone else's habit patterns.

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I grew up under the belief that I was a delicate child. The burden of that fixation has been the most expensive and heart-breaking part of my life. As I gained maturity I started, by mental and other means, to change that permeating fact of weakness and nervousness and with every year I am further away from it.

I can, however, recognize old patterns of mind as they begin to reassert themselves, but I know now how to deal with them. I do not oppose them. I simply put my mind on some pleasurable ability and substitute an expression of strength for the feeling of weakness. Hardly ever am I even reminded that I used to be considered frail.

Those who know me often express their amazement over the amount of work I can do, uninterrupted. I have not had a vacation in five years and I am in better health today than I was five years ago.

If I thought I were using my own strength, I am sure I should be exhausted very quickly. But, working under great pressure, I delight in feeling that the current of energy that put me here is surging through me investing me with its strength.

Thus I do myself no damage in extended effort. However, I urge people who lack the assurance of that inflow of strength, not to overdo.

We must obey the laws of whatever plane we happen to be conscious of.

As the Bible says, "We grow in grace." Let us take sane steps in our progress and never, because we have an advanced idea, imagine that we can jump off a roof with an umbrella for a parachute.

In great emergencies, under great stress, in abnormal states, we all have great reserves of strength which desperation uncovers. But for everyday and ordinary purpose, it is far better to change the whole habit pattern than to depend upon our thorough grasp of power all in a minute.

The habit patterns we give those with whom we live are often their greatest aid, but sometimes are their undoing. They can be like weights that we place unwittingly around the necks of our loved ones to drag them down.

There was once a beautiful girl, a loved daughter in a rather superior family. After a childhood illness, she had to learn to walk again. Naturally there was an infantile ineptitude in her first efforts. Before this loving family gave the girl time to readjust herself, they put the suggestion of awkwardness into her head, crystallized it in her consciousness, and Mary grew to womanhood being extremely awkward.

A younger sister, having studied about the mind,

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decided to take Mary in hand. She removed her from the family influence and occasionally gave her a casual compliment on the way she performed some ordinary movement. She didn't stress the point. She was disarmingly brief and always immediately changed the subject. She never let Mary feel that she was being worked on.

One day she complimented the way her sister walked across the room. To her surprise her sister said with a blush that she herself had noticed her reflection in store windows and had observed that she moved very well indeed. After six months or so of these suggestions, there was no more graceful or deft woman in the world than Mary. This is an actual case-history, the only point of which (since we all know the force of suggestion) is the short length of time that was necessary to heal her of the wrong idea and expression.

There is hardly anyone today who doesn't know the effect of impressing another mind through suggestion. Yet most people continue to imbed in the minds of their loved ones, and of those in their employ, the exact opposite of the effect they desire.

Anyone can observe the tonic effect of constructive suggestion. When we speak to someone of his excellence or strength along any line, we relax him,

thus opening the door of his consciousness a little wider for the inflow of cosmic energy.

The energy inherent in mind is the force back of all expression. It rushes to our aid when we turn to it. It is inexhaustible. It flows through every movement of the universe. It is ever in movement toward us—in us—through us. Energy is the essence of our very composition. When we limit it, when we fear that it may be exhausted soon, we become tense accordingly and shut ourselves away from it.

Relaxation is necessary for the flow of energy in us.

A tense mind is a barrier against new ideas or inspiration. Circulation of the blood is impaired when the body is tense. Worry creates such tension that the very good that might come to us as part of the natural pattern of our lives cannot penetrate it.

We can relax in comfort and wisdom when we know that energy and inspiration will flow to us quite naturally if we will only get out of the way and *let them*.

God's laws pour the nature of Himself, His strength, into us when we turn to Him in relaxed faith. Have faith in your strength because it is the force of God sustaining you and urging you forward.

The next time you are tired and stop doing good

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work because of it, just ask yourself if your fatigue is real or are you giving in to some desire for diversion of another sort—or is your fatigue an attempt to escape from something you do not like?

We will undoubtedly discover more about our strength when we learn to face and analyze our motives.

Strength is natural and right. It is the unnatural, the wrong, that robs us of it.

Let us confidently reach out into a universe of infinity for the God-gift of energy, strength of mind and body that will enable us to penetrate further into the inviting interests the world holds for us. Let us put our faith where it logically, practically and poetically belongs—in God. In Him is all strength.

Whenever you falter, whenever weakness seems to be creeping upon you, remember that in God's exhaustless bounty there is more of whatever you need.

Do you need more ideas for creative work? Then turn to the Allness of God for further inspiration. Do you hunger for more love? Then turn to the Fountainhead of all love. Do you need more strength to sustain you in living on a high plane? God offers it to you. Take it in the same spirit of love and oneness that it was prepared for you.

X

MAKE YOUR OWN HAPPINESS

The Ninth Thing to Do: Resolve not to depend on any other human being for happiness.

DEPEND ONLY on the universe and you will never be disappointed. It may not give you back in kind what you gave out, but blessings of some nature follow the uncalculated giving of one-self and one's substance.

A man should depend only on his own contact with life for all his major needs. It is possible for everyone to find a direct channel to the God within him. When a man receives his comforts, his counsel and his inspiration through this channel to divinity, he is then ready for the best association with other human beings.

True, our worldly lives are bound together in a more or less common experience. And we should be deeply grateful for the human love and companionship and helpfulness we enjoy from others. Who would want to dispense with the beauties of fine human relationships? The glance of confidence and understanding, the handclasp of affection, the near-

ness of those who make up our life on earth—these are dear to us and should be so.

They nourish us in our groping upward and warm us in the barren stretches of our ignorant yearnings. There is no way or wish to supplant them.

But we should never invest another human being with the power either to build or to wreck our lives or to dominate our initiative.

We should never allow anyone else to occupy this supreme position. Such a situation is a house of cards, bound to fall. Heart-break, loss and sorrow storm across the emotions of the one whose entire hope is in human beings. No matter how perfect is our relation to other people, we must find our relation to God for permanent peace.

You will not value other people less, but more. You will be a fit companion for your fellows. You will be a wiser mother, a more truly loving wife and a more sustaining friend when you no longer look to your loved ones for your deepest joy. You will find that they will respect your strength and will come to share it when they need it. Isn't this what you prefer?

The source of all love is the heart of God. Whatever portion of it we receive from other people is

but God's love shining obliquely upon us through another human heart.

Comforting and valuable as it may be, how much more splendid it is to feel the love of God shining straight into one's heart.

Men and women in the throes of great anguish over the loss or the infidelity of someone they love, have come to me to ease their suffering. When they are able to think clearly, they have been asked to realize that love is a principle of which God is the author. Whatever we receive of it from other people is really second-hand. There is great comfort in getting it straight from its source.

Love is not gone or even marred because some person has failed to do as we should like to have him or her do. Love is as inviolate as is the universe.

There is the mother who makes a god of her child. As the child grows up he wants to have the freedom in which to lead his own life, to discover the world for himself, to have his own experiences. But he cannot leave home because the mother is so inordinately devoted to him. So, if he has sufficient love and sentiment, he crushes the uprising of ambition and adventure in his breast and tries to find the universe in his mother's smile.

Some hardy souls simply toughen their resistance

to this unnatural clinging and break away. How unfortunate that a man must deafen himself and coarsen himself in order to be free! But if he pulled away from his mother in a tender state of mind, his own suffering of conscience would be too great a burden for him to carry out into a world that will make tremendous demands on his strength.

He goes out hobbled by conscience, emotionally handicapped. In self-protection he thickens the skin of his perceptions. Thus, the very mother who would like to give a more refined being to the world, instead, by her very clinging, turns out a coarse one.

The wife he will marry and the children he will have are doomed to suffer through his callousness, which is not entirely his fault.

For every person who is not expressing as an individual there is someone else, or several other people, who are paying the price with him.

A mother would not cling so destructively to a child if she had found God as a constant companion in her heart.

She would not need thus to encroach upon another entity. Her religious protestations and pretentions are disproved by her actions. She still looks to a human being, her child, to furnish her with the fulness and pleasure that she should get from the God within her.

When she truly depends on her Source, she will derive her keenest happiness from seeing her child equally oriented in stark truth and depending only on eternal verities.

The most sublime love is that which asks nothing for itself. This is the ideal mother-love. But seldom is one (a mother or anyone else) in a position to give it until he or she is consciously nourished from within by contact with universal love.

How much more noble it is to be faithful to a beautiful love because it is beautiful rather than because we imagine we cannot live without it. Love should not be asked to carry such a heavy burden. Of course, it can and does, for love is strong, but the stamina and resiliency within the personality should do its heavy work. Burdened too greatly, love has all the clumsiness of a dray horse. It should be graceful, gracious and becoming.

In any of its expressions, love is ennobling, unselfing, the highest feeling we know. Its sacrifices become beautiful from a poetic standpoint. Its heroism and self-sacrifice move us deeply. But it could be held more precious than would seem to be the case when we ask it to stand in the place of personal rights.

All too often the one deeply in love exercises all the prerogatives of complete ownership. This is

the little trickle of water that dissolves the salt of love.

One day the lovers stand sadly helpless before the emptiness that has replaced the fulness of love. Then, if they care enough, they must begin the task of building a firm structure of regard between them, one that neither gives all nor demands all—for the human being is not constituted to endure long in this false state of affairs.

Sex has been blamed for much that lies squarely at the door of ego.

Everyone can be a hero in emergencies, can make the supreme sacrifice dramatically under stress. The ego is not insulted by the useful death of its owner. Rather is its importance justified by martyrdom. But it will not stand to be continually usurped. It either sours, becomes warped or explodes.

Lest we assume thoughtlessly that this urge for self-assertion be ignoble and merely vain, let us examine again the idea that since the universe is expressing itself in us, our urge to find our strength in any given situation is a divine spark that cannot be extinguished.

The Life within knows itself to be supreme. In its pressure upon our consciousness we do not always understand our own behavior. Perhaps our salvation lies in realizing more of it, not less.

When we must sap our needs from other people, we are not in a condition to be unselfish and noble with them. Expediency taints our friendships. And sooner or later we will one day call out to a human being on whom we depend and he will not hear. His attention will be on something else at the moment.

Then, unless we are very unusual people, we will feel that he has failed us—that he is unworthy. And even though your friend be loyal and true in every way and devoted to your interests, you should not put him in God's place in your life.

Put God first and people afterward.

A human being presents an element of uncertainty because he himself is uncertain. He is having an individual experience in discovering the world and himself. In him there is always the possibility of a mistaken point of view. He may not at any given time have the wisdom to judge well and to take the right path.

Human beings are on the journey of discovering the truth. We do not know it in its entirety now. But the universe is never wrong. It is always at hand—always dependable.

Deal with Life itself in which there is no ingratitude but exactitude. The universe doesn't forget.

And what you put out into it, you need not wonder about.

But it is not just for personal safety and insurance that one should not depend upon human beings for happiness. To do so presents an inaccuracy in premise. And the consequence of any inaccuracy is illusory and unsatisfying. To depend upon other people is to accept the lesser when the greater is available.

When one looks to God alone for his ultimate satisfaction, he is not holding his fellow-beings in contempt. He is but going to headquarters. And he will never be turned away empty-handed. Thus he will be in a position to bring his deep satisfaction back to his companions and to share it with them.

When we feel that our happiness rests in human hands, we become scheming or diffident, according to our dispositions. Or else we adopt a happy-go-lucky philosophy that says, "Oh, well, what's the difference!"

Such an attitude is all very well so long as one is happy and lucky. But when adversity comes, when friends forsake us and our worldly affairs are wrecked—what then? Are we to be desolated? Not unless our lives have been entirely bound up in variable and shifting elements. We can stand the storms of life much better if we have always had a

quiet little place in our hearts where we feel the presence of God with us at all times.

There is a small holy of holies within everyone's soul where no one else may walk. In it is the shrine of individuality.

We all have heard that the person who holds the interest of others has an unexplorable portion in his personality. In a woman it lends her an additional allure and mystery. She seems always to have something more—some unknowable quality or qualities that beckon yet elude exploration.

This quality is not to be simulated. It is not based on inexpressiveness and aloofness. It is the direct result of the feeling that some precious consciousness dwells within.

It is not forbidding. It is simply so filled with wonder over the beauty of its source that it stands silent and hushed with a finger laid on its lips to still the clamor at its door. Exploring questions and noisy irreverence are hushed as they are at the entrance to any other cathedral. That is all. When one is never completely known, one's charms are never exhausted.

This quality in a woman will gain for her more admiration, more genuine satisfaction, than all the external aids and artifices of every Eve and Lilith that ever lived. In fact, without some degree of it

the others pall quickly; one is interesting only as a novelty—quickly attractive, quickly explored, quickly discarded. One must have a basically sound foundation before the mind is free to find pleasure in the passing moment.

For positive poise, for clear-eyed calm, for quick wit and vivacity, draw on the stream of Life and Intelligence within.

A dependence upon something presupposes its reliability. Thus one puts himself in the firm position of going back of movement to the mover. Is it not common sense to rely upon a principle that must be reliable because of its nature rather than upon a person who doesn't know of what he is composed?

One has no dignity, no peace, until his reliance is in the unchanging principles of the universe.

Not that one fears to be hurt by people. Humanity has proved its ability, and even willingness, to suffer. There is no cowardice in seeking ultimate truth for dependence. It is only sensible to build on verities.

One respects the gallantry, the courage, of those who fly in the face of uncertainty, not knowing what price they must pay if the results are unfortunate. But one learns that the most successful adventurers are not those who are flamboyant and foolhardy.

Any expedition to the Arctic, for instance, has made most careful arrangements for its safety and its success. A modern exploration is the quintessence of scientific preparation and far-sightedness. Those who think that explorers and adventurers are gallant fools are mistaken. Experience shows that even high adventure is surrounded by wisdom and the keenest kind of preparation to insure its objectives.

So, in life when we want to make sure that our expedition through this world will have the maximum of success and the minimum of disappointment and loss, we must prepare for it. By dashing into experience with thoughtless abandon, one simply invites disaster—and usually meets it. There is nothing truly picturesque about foolhardiness. One may admire the courage and deplore the brains of those who indulge in it. There is a tremendous waste of time and energy in picking up after unwise people.

A plan for life, a foresighted preparation, saves us embarrassment, grief and all manner of annoyances.

When life is happy, it adds to joy to keep close to the Source and Sustainer of All. It whets one's pleasure to see it as the beneficence of the universe. And when sorrow comes and we seem to have lost touch with harmony, we can lean on the arm of God until our strength returns. And it will return. In-

harmony fades away, sorrow is lessened as life gradually invites the mind to new endeavors.

If our trust is in people, we are likely to ask of them more than we should expect. If we are welloriented individuals, able to stand alone if necessary, we have fulfilled a part of our destiny which is self-realization. Poise comes from knowing that our dependence is not in a variable, but in an absolute. We shall be harassed, blown this way and that, until we find it.

It is well to repeat occasionally that THERE IS A SELF WITHIN THAT IS SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING THAT CAN HAPPEN TO IT. No matter where or with whom we find ourselves we can say with Tilton, "Even this shall pass away."

The experience passes, whether good or ill, but the experiencer remains to have other experiences. This experiencer within us is our God-consciousness.

Sometimes it seems that life is determined to teach us this truth. We are buffeted about emotionally until we learn it.

We do not withdraw from human experience when we turn to God.

Rather do we fill ourselves with beauty and strength at the fountain of ALL and have more for our fellows when we rejoin them. There is nothing to be gained spiritually by denying the expressions

of human life while we are expressing as human beings. There is something we must gain as human beings, some lesson to learn, else we should not be here at all.

Many of the neuroses with which so many people are afflicted are the results of their inability to obey the urges of their own individualities and at the same time satisfy the cloying affections and demands put upon them by someone else.

Other neurotics are the demanders. They are happy only as they are preening in the extreme and extended attention of other people. When they are not the center of the floor in their little human kingdom they are moody, unhappy, sullen and morose. Then under the slightest approval they become ecstatically happy.

Human beings must have some way to make themselves important.

The divine urge within them will not let them be satisfied with an inferior position. In their frantic necessity to make themselves felt, to realize a sense of power somehow, some way, they impose upon other people, adopt foolish dramatic attitudes, do bizarre things—anything to attract attention. When they come to understand the majesty of being, the dramatic significance of existence, of individuality,

they no longer need these strange and unfair expressions of the energy within them.

Mental health demands at least a measure of self-sufficiency in its noblest sense—a consciousness that the self is a channel reaching into *Allness*.

Give yourself the supreme dignity of self-sufficiency—your divine right—as a basic quality.

I have never known any good to come from extreme asceticism, however. To withdraw entirely from people is to become warped and unwholesome. To deny the functions of human life is to set our judgment against that of the universe which undoubtedly knows better than we what we need.

If we bring a fine balance, a superior adjustment, into our relationships, we will find that we rise through them. They will bring us inspiration and spur us on in our climb upward.

To live entirely in the mind and to deny the body is again foolish—for the body will stand just so much denial, then it becomes inharmonious and finally perishes.

What we need is a reasonable basis of behavior, of thinking, in order to relate and weigh the elements of life in proper proportion.

We do not want to become so saintly that we think we do not belong on earth. The world needs finely adjusted, inspired people—oriented in eternal

truth. Only as these people are multiplied on the face of the earth shall we have a superior race.

Each man who finds the God in his soul is a torchbearer without whom the world would soon or late subside into darkness. Each word of truth, of brightness and rightness is a lifeline.

However bound together we may be in sympathies and interests, each person is on an individual journey of self-discovery. You and I are on separate paths of consciousness—and there is no way to merge. The greatest, tenderest love can do little more than beat at the walls of separating flesh to become one with the beloved.

No man can know something for another.

Truth must flash across each mind as an individual experience. Each man must find his own understanding of his contact with God and the universe. No one can do it for him—his power of knowing is his alone.

You have a right to fulness and completion as an experience separate from everyone else in the world.

And if you do not claim it as a right, you will find yourself forced to learn it. You must learn to stand alone.

We must come, soon or late, to the point where we can stand unconfused in the middle of any type

of discord and say with St. Paul, "None of these things moves me."

This individuality of ours must be very important to the universe, for it is guarded and protected in every way. A man may not give himself over to another man without insulting the individuality and the personality invested in him by the universe—God. Better that a man die as an individual experience than live enslaved to another mind.

The respect we hold for other people's individuality is a mark of the civilized person.

It is the first law of etiquette, the first law of community life, of love and of law itself. The only reason for any man-made law is to protect individuals from encroachment by other individuals.

Therefore, the understanding and the practice of this principle of the sacredness of personal rights leads us to be more considerate of our fellows—not through a patronizing pity for them, but through a divine respect for them as individuals.

We cannot recognize our own divine dignity without seeing that it also belongs to every man. Instead of being overbearing and domineering because we are strong, we want to show every man his strength. The greatest joy that can come to the heart is the satisfying delight of seeing the world whole, the universe as a great impartial giver of great gifts.

The man sitting in rags on a park bench is as much of a potential God as the most respected citizen. Were he awakened to the possibilities of the life within him, and the healing, organizing forces that he could lay hold of, he might not only become whole himself but become a torch-bearer to relight the smoldering embers of God-consciousness in every man whose life he touches.

If your personality is sacred to the universe, so must every man's be likewise. A major part of our confidence in life is based on its impartiality. The sun shines upon everyone who will put himself in its rays. The rain falls without special favor. The principle of heat and cold can be used by all.

Whenever we go counter to the basic strong currents of Life, we shall one day find that we were merely deluding ourselves.

Life will not be denied.

The urge of the individual to assert himself will keep families, communities and governments in an uproar until it is taken into consideration and provision is made for it.

Any governmental plan, right or left, that robs men of individual action holds within it the seed of its own destruction, for it is based on a false precept contrary to the divine nature of man. Men are not ants. It may take them two hundred or two thou-

sand more years to find it out, but the time will have been well spent. If the personal insult inherent in extreme collectivism can drive men to a deeper self-respect, then perhaps it is a good thing to have it and get it over with so the world can progress. Perhaps the despair of organized frustration will lead men finally to a real knowledge of themselves as individual expressions of divine consciousness.

The fact that we must turn to principles to be benefited by them—that they do not thrust themselves upon us—is another proof of our right to act as individuals.

The husband who allows his wife no freedom of will is the one most likely to be deceived. The wife who tries to direct her husband's every act will find one day that she has been deluding herself.

A case comes to mind of a woman who for years had made her husband hand her his salary so that she could manage its expenditure. Often such an arrangement is made willingly and wisely between a man and wife who wish jointly to handle their affairs in this fashion. But, in this case, it was a matter of sheer dominance. For forty-five years he had handed her what she supposed was his salary.

A court action over some petty matter brought him to a witness stand where he had to swear to the amount of his weekly earnings. It was twenty

dollars more than she had thought he was making. She fainted in the courtroom—and only two or three members of the family knew what the matter was.

The meekest outward submission to domination of the individual often masks the most amazing and sometimes amusing duplicity.

Even though one smiles, the heart aches over the pathos of a human being striving to maintain his individuality in such a childish way. But looking at the matter from another angle, one feels like secretly cheering for the personality that refuses to be crushed. Wrong as is deceit, it was in this case a sign that the man's complete personality had not been usurped.

Out of twenty women I once questioned about their family spending, eighteen of them deceived their husbands in one way or another in order to have some personal individual leeway. All twenty husbands did the spending and called the wives to strict account. Ten of the wives added a few cents to every bill and gradually accumulated a small but important (to them) sum of money for their very own. They did not do it to be dishonest—had not even thought of it as wrong—but there was no other way open to them to have any individuality in the family money matters.

Respect for and consideration of individuality are the best insurance for happy marriages.

No matter how dutifully and beautifully we give our all to our families, the lesson of individuality is still to be learned.

A young girl, beautifully educated in a smart school and generously dealt with by her father, likewise deceived him. He never thought it necessary to give her an allowance for her to spend according to her own judgment. She would have been grateful for a tiny one.

But he thought his superior wisdom should guide her even in taking her chums to lunch and buying tickets to the movies. When he thought it was time for her to show some hospitality, he would suggest it and give her the money to pay for it.

If she had an idea of her own, he usually pushed it aside, having little respect for any idea that was not his own. He paid her bills generously, but he gave her not one bit of freedom. At Christmas time he made out her list, suggested presents for each person to whom she gave and paid for them.

He couldn't understand why she was so silent and lacking in joyous enthusiasm. She lacked personality and sparkle. She was phlegmatic and unresponsive but dutifully and, more or less, automatically considerate.

Being determined to do something on her own, she decided to buy him a Christmas present of her own choosing. She began to short-change him on every expenditure. She arranged with small shops to charge more than their price for frocks and to give her the difference. In this and in other elaborate deceits she was able to get a hundred or so dollars together. She wanted to buy him something handsome all on her own.

But her father found her little hoard and was shocked beyond words. Lest he believe that she had come by it with even less honor than was the fact, she tearfully explained to him just how she had gathered it bit by bit.

He was horrified, heart-broken. His pride was shattered. His daughter would stoop to such a thing! He stormed away angrily, determined to punish her drastically. But when he learned that she, too, was humiliated by being driven to underhanded means to do something on her own and that she had braved all the unpleasantness and dishonor in order to buy him a present of her own choosing, he saw what he had been doing to her in denying her some freedom.

He did not and could not tell her she was right, but he did shoulder his share of the blame and ever

after she received a small allowance about which she was never questioned.

All such strains between the domineering and the dominated do not end so happily. Frequently the dominating father has weakling sons; the domineering mother has self-conscious, sneaking daughters—at best weak personalities.

Show me a person who has difficulty in expressing himself and I will show you that one or the other parent always did his thinking and talking for him. A parent should train himself to say, "And what do you think, Mary and John?" instead of always telling them in advance what to think.

It is hard to stand by and watch a loved one make mistakes that a word from your wisdom and experience could spare him. But it is far better to let him learn in his own way, than to crowd back always his tender young responses to situations that present themselves. His responses may some day cease to have energy in them or be dark and twisted ones.

The girl who has been completely domineered looks to marriage as an escape and an opportunity to express herself. And she marries the first likely man who presents himself, which is not fair either to him or to herself. Love, truth, honor—all these go as helpless, valueless sacrifices on the altar of the necessity of the assertion of individuality.

The boy who has been suffocated by "smother" love also looks to marriage for release. Suppose he marries the dominated girl? Let us hope he does. It would be a pity to spoil two marriages with them. For, as they turn away from the altar there begins at once a death-struggle for dominance. Both are desperate for self-expression. The more they have been held down, the greater the violence of their attack upon each other's individuality. Each is subconsciously determined not to be the underdog again.

We cannot live our children's lives without damaging them and ourselves.

There are flashing-red danger signals lining such a road. The aggregate of tragic heart-aches caused by denying individuals their individual expression constitutes a large portion of the world's misery.

We all when faced with a seemingly impossible task can turn within and ask as little children for aid from the Mind within, the Mind that knows all—is all.

"Except ye become as little children" has been given as a qualification for the heavenly state. No adult imagines that Mind expects him to give up his knowledge of it—his admiration and joy in its mature integrity. It means rather that our confidence in that integrity shall be that of a little

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child's natural assumption that the parent aid is always there.

A feeling of security is necessary to a child's welfare and happiness. It is equally necessary to the sanity and wholeness of grown men and women.

Since the only genuine peace we have comes from being poised in our divine strength, there is little use in trying to find it elsewhere.

I have been asked why I speak so much of strength and assertion and say nothing of the virtue of meekness. Frankly, I have tried it with many people and find that they are not benefited by it. True, Jesus said that the meek shall inherit the earth. And one should be very thoughtful about His meaning. If He meant that the meek are those who do not use force, the truth of this statement is clear. If the meek are the gentle, the kindly and those who are above animal selfishness, we can readily see that they will indeed inherit the earth, for these are the strongest and most tenacious of people. But in the modern mind meekness has an unfortunate connotation with spinelessness.

The meekness that is ascribed to Jesus, I am unable to find in His life, search though I may. He seems to me to be the strongest, most assertive person who ever lived. I have often wondered if the word "meek" is not a mistaken translation of a

Hebrew word for which we have no English equivalent.

Or was meekness invented to quell the noise and brutality of savagery? Do civilized, enlightened people need it?

There is a certain quality of self-consciousness in the meek person that does not ring true. He seems to be hoping that someone will notice his sweet selfabnegation. There is a touch of the theatrical in meekness as it shows itself in people. One is reminded of Dickens' Uriah Heep.

People usually have some use for meekness. Even those who profess it see no virtue in it as a principle or at least they never refer to it or use it in an abstract way. There is always some expediency in it. It covers their lack of strength—very useful! It is a handy substitute for real poise.

When one is expressing the urge of God-power within him, he may not be thinking of himself directly at all. He is merely *being* what he is, without listening to or watching himself.

But I have never known a meek person who wasn't keenly aware of just the exact picture he made at all times. Meekness usually seems to me to be quite studied.

It is so easy to repeat something parrot-fashion from generation to generation without once stop-

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ping to examine the fact, if any, contained in it.

Is God meek? We are His children. Can an artist or inventor in the throes of inspiration and the passion of creation—can these be said to be meek? Does the stabbing beauty and the majesty of Being as it staggers the mind with its immense truth, its stupendous rhythms, its comprehensive immensity, convey to your mind a sense of meekness? Does the song of worshipful gratitude that comes from the happy heart of one glad to be a part of a universe of integrity hold an overtone of meekness?

Should we not progress faster if we shed the papier-mâché masks of false virtues and stood up as children of God, accepting our inheritance with its responsibilities as well as its benefits?

Since you are a child of a universe that is complete and sound, you reflect its qualities yourself. You are complete and sound.

Your individuality is given you by God. Cherish it.

It is not necessary to defend it belligerently or loudly. If you proceed as though you believed that you are a complete part of a complete universe, you will be delighted by the strength inherent in this concept.

You will find yourself free from any number of

impositions and will proceed ahead with a finer precision, a more gallant spontaneity.

You can work with other people better when you are not under the necessity of exaggerating your claims upon them.

You must free them as part of freeing yourself. Only then will you have the impartial judgment to live keenly, intelligently, successfully—and to give the greatest service to everyone who touches your life.

XI

HARMONIZE

The Tenth Thing to Do: Understand that Life is not a wrestling-match between good and evil.

If we stand and look only at the seeming and the obvious, we shall never know any more than we do now. If Galileo and others had not thought back of the apparent movement of the sun, we might still believe that the sun moves round the earth as it seems to do.

To many of us, evil appears to be a very real force—a positive one; while a little penetrating thought shows it not to be a force at all—or, at most, a negative one.

Evil exists as the confusion that occurs in the absence of order.

It is a very real experience to those of us who have felt it—but we must not give it more power than is actually in it.

The only way we can progress is to stop accepting things at their face value and examine them thoroughly, or as much as we can, before we perpetuate any further the beliefs based on half-know-

ledge or no knowledge. Otherwise, humanity will continue to revolve around a few accepted superstitions as difficult to uproot in the modern mind as in that of the savage, and we will defer for untold years our elevation to our native supremacy.

We must find the way to take the monkey-wrench of evil out of the machinery of men's minds. This is indeed a staggering task. But unless you and I and others turn our reason and faith upon it, we will never dispel it. We can try, at least, to bring harmony out of discord—and, in the trying intelligently, we can achieve some very interesting and indicative results.

The seed of truth is in all religions. But every enlightened soul, when he tries to tell what he knows, is faced with the certainty that he will not be believed. The obvious has too strong a hold on the mass-mind. He makes a choice between garbling his truth to make it acceptable to the race mentality of his times or having his message considered just a wild fantasy of his other than normal state of mind.

Either he or someone who takes up the teaching of his truth dresses it in the familiar garb of superstition, mystery, and the drama of great odds. I am sure no one would be more surprised than Jesus, should He return and see what is done and

taught in His name. Buddha would be horrified by the trappings that have been hung upon his simple and beautiful message.

We have not wanted simplicity. We have wanted a dark entanglement of supernatural forces. How can anything so great be so simple, we ask ourselves, when some eternal truth is put before us in its stark and majestic simplicity. It is too easy for us to accept. We much prefer the complicated struggle with darkness.

With our present inherited traits it is difficult for us to see that our struggle is with ignorance only.

We have wanted the drama, the show, the parade, the villain and the final rescue—and religion has given us what we demanded. We have forced it to dress up its message in stories that satisfy our ignorance.

The seed of truth does exist in the allegory of evil. The parable of the Bible is true in so far as it fits the story to the mind of the day in which it was written. It fits us today unless we have risen far enough to put another interpretation upon it—and to see it as an illuminating allegory of human experience.

Every word of the Bible comes alive for us when we see it as a great exposition of the history of the evolution of the soul in every spiritual scourge it

experiences in its development; when we see this history as an allegory in which thoughts and qualities are given names.

It is important for your mental health for you to examine your mind concerning your honest belief about evil. If you merely decide what you do *not* believe, a great deal will have been accomplished.

I do not know all about evil. But I do know that, when we are freed from a fear of it, there seems to be much less of it in our lives; when we break the spell that the legend of evil casts over our common sense, a great deal of tension and unhappiness is lifted from us. In your own daily life evil will be seen as merely the unavoidable result of some lack of intelligent action on your part. If you touch a hot stove it is not evil that burns you; it is the impersonal heat which was probably keeping you warm and cooking your dinner at the same time. It was an incorrect, unwise contact that brought you pain and impairment.

If you fall and break your arm, the devil of evil does not shatter your bone; it is simply that the weight and impact were too great for the resistance of the bone. The fall itself—was that evil operating diabolically? You know it was not. You simply did not consider all the contributing elements in

your quick turn, or the way you put your foot down, or you did not look where you were going. If an evil entity thus tricked you, think how simple it would be to rout him—a little forethought sends him into nothingness. Not a very powerful enemy!

For millions of years—we do not know how many —our ancestors have gathered into the racial mind fears of many kinds. Unknown dangers lurked in the dark encircling the camp. Death and pain were an ever-present possibility. First drought and then too much rain, too much heat and then too much cold, took their toll of food, property and life. Not knowing how to govern and use natural elements even to the small extent that we use them today, these peoples of long ago attributed untoward happenings to either a punishing God or a devil who delighted in annoying them.

Many of the fears that now throttle our abilities and congeal our efforts are traceable to those faraway ancestors. Each generation hands down its own particular refinement of ideas of evil and impending disaster. Is it not time for us to begin to discard these nameless terrors and to see life as intrinsically good because of its inherent intelligence?

I have tried to show that intelligence and virtue are inseparable. The cunning criminal who uses his mind craftily for destructive purposes is not

truly intelligent. Real wisdom is inseparable from good.

The world needs education, education, and then more education, to help it free itself from the bondage of an inherited fear that keeps it timid, crafty and unhappy. Fear drives men to every social ill we have. Only knowledge can conquer fear. The more a man knows, the less he fears.

As we learn the laws of the world in which we live, and become familiar with the beneficence of the universe, fear is replaced by faith.

One ceases even to wonder about evil when one's whole mind is taken up with good. There is no point or place for evil when we turn our minds resolutely to God, good and the highest intelligence. Our minds see good clearly under the strong light of pure intelligence.

The brilliant and ultra-modern young president of the University of Chicago, Robert M. Hutchins, has written a great truth in his articles for the Saturday Evening Post. He says that, unless reason supports morals, they will collapse under pressure. Also this wise young genius states without apology or equivocation that "... you cannot be good without being wise ... nor can you be wise without being good. ... One of the reasons our age is bewildered and unmoral is that we have tried to

separate wisdom and goodness." And in another place, "If the goal of life is happiness, you should seek the training of the intellect."

Here is another way of saying that the qualities and contents of one's mind determine his happiness. Soundness, morality and intelligence are inseparable. In facing the only enemy of these things—which has been given the name of evil—we find victory assured by the possession of soundness, morality and intelligence.

Whatever contributes to the common good exalts every man.

We must be individual in our recognition of God within each of us; but it is wise to be collective in a mass movement against ignorance, the only real evil on earth.

Ignorance is always threatened with disappearance. Knowledge replaces it, wipes it out with contact. Therefore, evil cannot be a principle, for a principle remains true, no matter what happens. Evil, therefore, is natively nothing. It is merely a negative state. A lack, not an assertion.

There can be no Prince of Darkness—ignorance—as the Devil has been called. He would be ruler of a vanishing or non-existent kingdom. Truth can always supplant ignorance. Even though truth be

unspoken, it is still true. Ignorance can only exist until truth effaces it.

The consciousness of evil should be fought as a basic inheritance of the ignorant past. It is possible to change the entire subconscious content of the racial mind—but this can be accomplished only by continuous impressions. So let us not despair of ever conquering evil. Its only hope of future existence is in keeping men ignorant. The school-house and church where freedom and divine self-respect are taught give the light before which evil, like darkness, cannot exist.

The truth of God as it shines in and through the minds of men is our salvation.

Not that learning has any moral value in itself. Many a scoundrel understands differential calculus and is familiar with classical literature. But he cannot continue to concern himself with the teachings of past and present clear-thinkers without one day having a moral awakening.

One cannot see with clear vision the absolute nothingness of evil ultimately without feeling a suffusion of thanksgiving and love possess him. His emotions are involved in the contemplation of deep beauty when his mind is clear on the subject of the wholeness of rightness and the nothingness of evil.

No one knows how many years will pass before men see that fear and ignorance are our only enemies, that nothing really opposes us. There is no principle of evil, therefore no kingdom and no prince.

In my childhood I heard a relative tell often the highly dramatic experience of seeing the Devil. This relative was a lovely lady, fascinated by what was, of course, an hallucination. Evil had become very real to her and her vivid imagination personified his Satanic Majesty as the Devil of antiquity—fiery eyes, cloven hoofs, and forked tail complete.

People used to listen to her story with a respectful awe, for she was known to be a truthful person. And no doubt she did see her apparition, but it was a figure of her own creation. People in the throes of delirium tremens actually see the visions that terrify them, but they are projections of a confused, overwrought, poison-ridden brain.

All our visions and thoughts of evil are but the product of the terrors of dark ignorance.

Spiritual enlightenment, the emotional merging of the recognition and the love of life, combine to rout the deeply imbedded impression of evil. If every child of fifteen could be taught the liberating truth about himself he would at least be set on the

path to acquiring intellectual and therefore spirit-

It is no small task to uproot a fallacy or to bring in a higher truth than men are accustomed to accept. Many a man has been burned at the stake for attempting it. Our civilization is not so very advanced. And when one considers how few people have ever been exposed to pure truth, one marvels at the strides that have been made.

The masses have never had access to education. Their tastes for higher learning have never been developed. Not because people en masse are not intelligent, but because they have not been given sufficient opportunity.

The cry of the future is education for all.

When all men know what a few men now know, war will be impossible. In fact, it is all but impossible now. War is having its few last violent convulsions before expiring. The minds of the masses the world over are turning from violence—and this in spite of the wars now flaming through the world.

The culture of Greece that has made its deep mark upon subsequent art and literature was enjoyed by a mere handful of people. And in the Dark and Middle Ages brute force was at such a premium that learning was looked upon as the refuge and the trade of weaklings. Many a king could not

read or write. Such learning as was preserved was held in the exclusiveness of monasteries where some of it developed into a mysticism which today is no longer mystic, but common knowledge.

Actually few people in the world have ever been educated and taught to use their minds. Such education as was available to them was propaganda to perpetuate some political scheme or to protect some person's policies. We have not taught men to examine the world about them and to deduce their character from it. We have taught them that "black is white and white is black, because my ruler says it is so."

Only education can free the man of the mass mind from the superstition that stands between him and God-consciousness. To be sure, part of his growing-pains consist of throwing over the piety of religious teaching, but he comes back to it after he has really achieved a fine education and his mind is clear and penetrating.

We need not fear the ungodly attacks on the church. They do but show that people are thinking. An excellent sign, because, if they continue to think, they will return to the spot where the cathedral was bombed to ruins and build a grander one to honor the light that has flashed across their minds and souls.

One staggers with pity before the mass brutality seen today. Perhaps its very horror known to all men will one day gorge and disgust even those who perpetuate it. Like a fever that rages just before it subsides, like an epidemic that brings organized control only because it is so embracing—the wars of our time may serve to put all men in a mood for peace. When we become satiated with violence, we shall abandon it. It is inevitable that intelligence will lead men to peace. The pity is that so many shall have given their lives—but if war is to be put on trial, as it will be, their sacrifice will not have been in vain.

The final solution is not larger armies and more ships, important as is their immediate need. The real answer is in more schools and churches. Instead of sending soldiers across the world, send teachers—open-minded free men and women.

But what has all this to do with your personality and God? Just this—knowledge gives the human mind and heart peace and assurance. Only enormous verities can counteract enormous lies, hallucinations and illusions.

When God's reality and his closeness to us become the theme of our thinking, we develop a great thirst for further knowledge of this remarkable world. Voltaire's satire on "the best of all possible

worlds" was a resentment against social injustices and, as such, is a worthy document. But we must not confuse our awkwardness in living Life with the truth of Life's possibilities.

Keep knowledge, wholeness, and sanity as a goal, an ideal, and walk, crawl, or stumble toward it according to your present ability. The cowardly mind has always tried to drag the ideal down rather than admit its own inability (or unwillingness to try) to reach it.

The brave man keeps his ideal intact, no matter how often he fails. The intelligent man keeps it as a lodestar.

The life of the mind is a continual delight of discovery. Boredom is forever gone. One is so entertained by the countless adjustments possible to the elements of mind that conversation never lags.

But better than that, he is no longer under the necessity of entertaining himself with dark and involved internal dramas, complexes, suspicions and justifications. His interest is coaxed out of himself into the happenings and the people about him. He becomes civilized. He becomes objective, individualized. He becomes a gentleman.

His mind becomes sanitary, clean. He consciously clears it of as much racial error as possible. He is a social person. He becomes concerned with

the welfare and general effect of all people. When he sees someone suffering with a kind of shell-shock from illusions of evil, he is impelled, almost compelled, to release the unfortunate man with the light of reason and knowledge. He builds up the self-respect of everyone with whom he talks.

When vast numbers of people reach this happy state, the collective personality of all people will be a helpful influence instead of the drag upon intelligence that it is now. It is our task to make mass psychology more than that of a snarling wolf-pack—make it into a great composite of God-awareness. This is entirely possible if each man does his part.

Some work is necessary to keep the mind disciplined, cleaned and functioning at its best. Freedom must be earned. It is impossible to get something for nothing. But when one compares the small effort required and the great result it brings, one feels like bursting into a hymn of grateful praise. One turns often to the Psalms of David for the sheer pleasure of knowing that another mind felt that way about a generous and beautiful universe and God.

God gives us so much and expects so little—but that little is necessary before we can really experience and enjoy the benefits of His laws.

Let us understand each other concerning the ac-

quisition of knowledge. A mere collection of facts is not knowledge—though it may be one step. Too often a man imagines that he is learned because he can spout dates of ancient history and knows some Greek. But he is not educated until his mind is open, until he is free of prejudice and superstition.

He is not truly mature until he has found the God-mind within him and relates himself to the universe. He is not educated until he has disciplined his emotions, directed them into a pattern of reaction above that of the one- and two-dimensional animals.

Until he has conquered resentment he cannot claim superiority over a snake, poor creature, which strikes in fear and ignorance when confronted with anything strange and new and, to him, terrible!

He cannot think himself superior to an insect if he has a one-track, one-dimensional mind—narrow, unimaginative. He is not above a jungle creature if the mob can sway him without convincing the quieter demands of his intelligence.

Reason, with its consequent wisdom and kindness based on pure intelligence, alone can lift a man into the spiritual reality inherent within him. Reason alone can explain away the nameless terrors of darkness and bring mind, with its penetrating truth, into supremacy.

Knowledge will one day abolish all brutality and it will not use methods of destruction to do it. The fallacy of using force to conquer wrong is written into the bloody history of the past. "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

Beauty and sublime intelligence will dictate that we regard the worth of the energy used in evil and discordant expression and merely divert it into good. Science proves that we can change almost anything.

All through the natural world science is improving upon types, is developing higher and better species of plant life and animal life. It is possible to create, through the laws of change and growth, different types in many fields.

Today, for instance, you can buy an apple tree that has been developed for certain characteristics vastly superior to the parent plant—one that will produce superior fruit with greater abundance and better flavor, the original faults having been bred out of it.

In the miscroscopic realm, men are trying to develop new types of bacteria—and it is not too much to suppose that one day the enemies of human life will be changed into friendly organisms. The years will bring startling results in the discoveries that will add to man's mastery over his environment,

the fulfillment of the Biblical statement of man's farflung dominion. Science and understanding will rid us of our last enemy.

Let us think of all life as force that may express just as well one way as another.

The same electricity that will curl your hair will electrocute you. Every manifestation of life or force can be improved, changed and utilized. In the future we will not destroy what we do not like—we will change it! We will divert the force and life in a disagreeable form of expression into an agreeable one.

What an elastic world stretches out before us when we see it in this light! What myriad opportunities await intelligence and action on every hand! In every department of life the interpenetrating laws of divine possibility engage the mind, pique the imagination and lure the energies.

I see no particular point in declaring matter and spirit at war. Even if matter is an illusion, it is the present experience of the soul and therefore capable of organization and arrangement less painful to the psyche and its inherent nature.

There is no war between the body and the mind of a spiritually adjusted person. He does not see one part of creation warring with another part of

itself. In fact, he has no sense of friction about anything!

The lesson of the entire Old Testament is, "Hear ye, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one." And the heartening message of the New Testament is, "The Father in me, He doeth the works." Thus we have both old and new testimony of the Oneness, the Wholeness of God and of his strength in us.

Evil will really disappear from the earth when we see it as nothing. The best way to dissipate darkness is to turn on light. Darkness is real without a light. If we stand pointing to the darkness, we shall simply continue to experience it.

We need not concern ourselves with evil if all our effort is toward the good. There will be no room or time for it. To declare darkness as impotent and then fail to light it will bring further discord and stumbling.

But if we busy ourselves with the brightness of constructive, warmly loving intelligence, the dark places of our minds and lives will be cleared and purified by its prophylactic light.

Let us not then battle evil in an unbecoming brutal way. Let us set about finding the answer to our problems that is already provided in intelligence. The universe truly "answers before ye ask." Our task is to bend our interest and energy toward

constructive effort only. See that all we do has not a word or attitude that is other than constructive and we shall be amazed to see how much good will come of it for ourselves and others. Watch your speech and say only those things that are in harmony with the building, forward movement of Mind. Watch your wishful thinking and clear it of all that is not trusting, loving and beautiful.

Evil cannot stand before beauty. Even if one has not caught a universal concept of God-mind from these or other pages, any child can understand that beauty keeps the mind filled with goodness, keeps the heart satisfied, the body relaxed, the soul nourished and clean.

XII

GIVE FOR RICHNESS

The Eleventh Thing to Do: Increase your sense of bountiful supply.

In order to keep life surging in, you must provide an outlet for it. You may be able to attract all the good things of life—but you cannot continue to enjoy them unless there is at least a small flow from you to other people.

As a part of your program for mental health and material success you should give something away at least once a month. Self-preservation demands it. Those who give to others because they love humanity are blessed many times over—but all of us must give or shrivel and die.

We must keep the outflow in movement or the inflow will cease. It is not what we keep for ourselves that enriches us. Our strength and health depend upon our keeping the forces within us moving outward.

This current of outer force through us and our affairs can be likened to the blood-stream of our bodies. It purifies, refreshes, brings new material

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to the cells and carries off the stagnant waste matter.

We must work with the currents of movement in the universe if we expect them to work with us.

No one is expected to impoverish himself, but if his thoughts and substance are held entirely selfishly, he cuts himself off completely from the very forces of richness and fulness that he is seeking.

No one is so poor that he cannot take part in the great universal drama of giving, expressing. Giving is the highest form of self-expression.

We wish to become well-rounded individuals, therefore we shall not go to extremes in anything. The person who is unwisely generous is just as out of balance as the one who is supremely selfish. The fulness of life depends on a sound, sensible program. Life is infinitely logical.

A regular plan of giving is known to bring the best result.

To nullify the racial and inherited impression of limitation and lack, whether of one kind or another, the simple expedient of expressing bounty is required. The thought that the universe is generous and presses its gifts upon us is an important step in the right direction, but there must be action upon any idea to complete its truth on the material plane. In every possible way we must act as though we believe in plenty.

No sensible person advocates the spending of money before it is earned and owned, in a frenzied attempt to justify the satisfaction of our desires at the expense of a great truth. Fact must support fact if our structure is to be firm. If you cannot touch life's bounty in consciousness before you spend, how can you be sure that you can do so afterward?

To run up bills for divine bounty to pay is asking your creditors to believe in your grasp of principle and in your ability to harmonize yourself with the ever-flowing current of supply. This is not honorable. Each man should prove the law for himself and not expect other people to carry him while he does it.

Some years ago a man lecturing on financial success was giving private courses in addition to his public lectures. The first course was ten dollars and the advanced course fifty dollars.

A woman who had taken the first course as a guest of the lecturer wanted to enter the second one without paying her tuition. This, she was not allowed to do. She asked me if I did not think the lecturer was mean not to let her have the course and pay later. I told her that, if she hadn't learned enough from the first one to enable her to get fifty dollars, I thought she was wasting her time to go

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any further. She promptly produced the fifty dollars and paid her way. The few people who knew the circumstances were very much amused.

The desire to get something for nothing is at the root of a great deal of financial lack. The inveterate bargain-hunter is dealing with a principle of lack and imbedding it into his consciousness. Prosperity would cease altogether if we were not willing to have every transaction carry a fair margin of profit.

A sense of lack expresses itself in more than one way. It does not show itself always in terms of money. One may lack love, talents, health, happiness and companionship or self-reliance. And, just as limitation has diverse avenues of expression, so bounty shows herself in many guises.

The value of giving ourselves the suggestion of bounty wherever possible in our acts of generosity and in our financial dealings, lies in the fact that fulness becomes eventually imbedded in the habit mind and automatically produces many manifestations of plenty. Our friendships widen, our vision grows, our mental horizon moves out farther, when we proceed as though life were bountiful with every good thing.

Most of us are fairly generous people. We give a great deal more than we think we do. But we get little mental benefit from our generosity if we worry

along with it, if we wonder whether we have done wisely and suspect that we may regret one day that we didn't keep it for ourselves.

To be generous through weak good-heartedness and then to worry about it is more damaging than helpful to ourselves. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. In the light of what we now know of the subconscious mind, that statement means a great deal more than merely being a willing giver.

Any person who senses the richness of life—not necessarily in terms of dollars—can preserve a feeling of bounty in all he does. The preliminary Things to Do as they have been given clear a path in the mind for acceptance of the generosity of life.

One should make a practice of giving away something of value, be it ever so small or large, at stated intervals. To be regular in a certain part of our giving is to remind ourselves with a kind of rhythmic repetition that we are civilzed enough to have something to give and that we are willing to give it.

Perhaps the value of tithing—giving a tenth of one's income—lies principally in the automatic assumption of plenty. Some people who do give ten percent of their income away to charity, insist that they seem to invoke some law of prosperity, though many others tithe simply to obey the Bible or because of a deep wish to share what they have.

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It seems a pity to be superstitious about a gesture that could spell freedom, but there are those who give systematically because they feel there is some kind of direct blessing attached to it and a direct punishment for not doing so. Common sense tells us this cannot be the case. Yet it is noted that a number of prominent men and important financiers do practice tithing.

An important further point is that we should give without hope of reward.

We spoil a great deal of the benefit to both the giver and the receiver if we expect and demand gratitude. We are more in tune with the continuous current of generous life which gives because its nature is expressive, if we, too, give without the desire for any particular type of response.

Nature pours her blessings out without regard for anyone's opinion. She does not wait for responses.

To expect and wait for gratitude is rather small and unworthy. Who is anything but disgusted to hear someone say, "After all I've done for her—that's her gratitude!" It merely proves that the person was generous to aggrandize himself in the recipient's estimation, rather than for the joy of giving or to satisfy a need with a gift.

If we could only learn to be noble for noble reasons, if our motives could be enlarged, lifted, purified of animalistic reactions, we could accomplish much more good for ourselves and others.

If we could only learn to hew to the line of pure principle without watching too closely for the result. Do what you do and be what you want to be because it is finely expressive and not for some belittling hope of reward. We do not have to keep books with the universe. The return will take care of itself—far better than if we are so meticulously careful to see what we shall get back from our separate acts.

Becoming oriented as an individual and finding our source of independent strength and supply may be compared with an artist's filling in the masses on his canvas and establishing his composition. But the picture is not complete without accents. It must be heightened by highlights which alone can bring out the depths. Our habits of giving are the highlights that give meaning to the composition of our characters.

Our independence of spirit is but the firm framework, the anatomy, so to speak, that keeps our drawing well-balanced and convincing. It is by far the most necessary part of the creation of personality. But alone, it lacks the usefulness, the poignancy, the satisfaction that enriches life when we are able to

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fill a breach, to extend ourselves beyond self-seeking. One becomes a strong unit by being self-reliant

and strong. But one may extend and multiply himself only in and through other people.

We are civilized just to the extent that we give. There may come a time when every man has all he needs of everything at the time he needs it. But we cannot conceive of a man who does not need appreciation, who does not enjoy thoughtfulness. These we can give to the richest, busiest people.

Giving is expressing oneself. Something goes out from us to the world. When we act, think, speak, we move the force within us into the forces outside ourselves. On the principle that nature abhors a vacuum, other forces rush in to replace those given out. Thus by expressing, we establish the movement of outer forces through our own channels.

Without that circulation and its beneficent giving and taking, the body sickens. Likewise the mind and soul sicken when the currents of the universe cease to find expression and movement in and through us. Life is movement. Inaction is stagnation. Stagnation breeds impurity, and decomposition is the ultimate result.

The intake of power need not concern us. mechanism is already established. It is the law of the universe.

But we, being masters of our own expression, must see that the outward movement is perpetuated through giving and other forms of expression.

Life cannot live us. We are individuals with the power of choice. We must live Life. But it is so sensitively responsive to every opportunity for expression that we receive manifold from it the amount we give it.

Every physical grace is seen only in the outward movement. There can be little grace in withdrawal. The catch of beauty in one's heart and mind is always occasioned by the broader sweep of the outward gesture.

In our giving of ourselves and our substance, we show our feeling for life as art.

Here it is we show our fineness and our delicacy, our tact and our tenderness. And, like any other art, when it is selfconscious it loses its point. If one must make a conscious struggle to be unselfish, if one must study out the whys and wherefores of his generosities, they fall short of their objectives.

But we, who are eager students of life, feel justified in understanding its component parts. Then, comprehending the sane and beautiful structure of it, we can proceed emotionally with much greater abandon and spontaneity than can the one who is not sure of anything, but simply falls around through

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life from one situation to another in a kind of daze.

We do not keep the forms of artful living in our minds all the time, any more than a musician thinks of his technique when he is playing in a concert. But in his private rehearsals, when he strives to grasp more of the beauty of his music, he works with his technique, patiently, understandingly, knowing that beauty must be built on some kind of form.

Certainly we do not think consciously of the effect of every bit of generosity we express. Once having put the principle of giving in its proper place in our whole pattern, we then let it express spontaneously as it will. But we shall gain an honest estimate of the relation of our giving to our entire personalities only as we analyze it in general and then see if we are doing enough or not doing enough to keep ourselves in the clean currents of moving life—and that we do not overdo.

The person who lets his sympathies and emotions run away with him in his generosities is not especially unselfish and noble. He is merely undisciplined. We should give customarily what we can give without self-injury. We should give the flowers and fruits of the finely rooted trees of our being. We should not tear ourselves up by the roots and

wantonly, stupidly, impair our future ability to give.

One does not like to think of calculation of any kind as entering into giving at all. Yet, if we do not give wisely, we destroy as much as we build. The door-mat mother and wife may imagine that she is doing the best for her family to give every bit of her energy to them, saving nothing for herself—but the family does not think so. The exhausted woman, who neglects herself, her mind, her appearance, may get some satisfaction out of thinking she is saintly. But her child and her husband would infinitely prefer that she save some of her strength to keep herself looking well-groomed and somewhat informed outside the home circle, in order that they may be proud of her in worldly contacts and for their own pleasure.

When we give beyond the point of reason we are being selfish, because we are insisting that we give in the way we prefer, rather than in the way that would be most pleasing to the recipient.

As always, wisdom is the essence of kindness. Whatever we do wisely multiplies right before our eyes.

But a plan for giving should not exclude our small spontaneous generosities. Part of the lilt of life is obtained from those little unexpected oppor-

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tunities to serve others. Do we not glow with pleasure, be we ever so cynical, over the even carefully reheased praises of a beggar as our dime tinkles in his cup? Who shall say that the beggar is insincere even though he does say the same thing to everyone? Who does not enjoy his own dinner more after he has provided the Salvation Army or some other charity with a gift sufficient for the dinners of a number of hungry people? Who does not feel rich in lifting the pain and the burdens of others even to a small extent?

We all can give the gift of attention—which to lonely people is better than bread. Go and see for yourself how other people, less fortunate than yourself, live.

Help people with their ambitions. Listen to their stories, respectfully. Give something whenever you are asked. Suppose you are taken in by a few charlatans? That, after all, is none of your business. You have cast helpfulness out into life. If someone takes it wrongfully, he should do the worrying—not you!

How much better to be deceived many times in our small giving than to miss the one deserving person to whom our few cents mean so much. We give more to ourselves when we aid someone else than we give to the needy one. Sometimes the

regular charity of respectability can be so cold and automatic that one almost wonders if the bread it buys will be nourishing.

Give for the love of life. Give because you know that caring cannot but warm the heart of the one who receives it. And his love added to yours blesses the whole world. Give because life is rich and you are a part of it. Give because you are in partnership with God and therefore love every living creature.

A man who stands today at the head of a great nation-wide business had a very humble beginning. His wife made a certain food exceptionally well. When the lean years came upon them, they could think of no other way to make a living than for him to sell from door to door the home-made concoction his wife prepared. For a year or more he went from house to house with his little basket of delicacies. People bought them and reordered.

Perhaps it was the cleanliness, the courage, of the middle-aged man that caused them to buy in the first place—but the delicious food-stuff gained reorders.

The man decided that if he could find a partner with capital to invest, he could expand his small enterprise into a fine business. But, search though he did, no partner could be found. He prayed for a partner. All the while the demands for his product were growing by leaps and bounds.

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He bought a little second-hand delivery cart and got a woman to help his wife a couple of hours in the afternoon. But oh, how he wanted a partner with some money to invest in a growing business! Soon the family and all available neighbors were working in the little house to fill the orders. He never gave up hope that he could find just the right partner.

One moonlight night he had gone outdoors for a little rest and to enjoy the magic of the lovely evening. He was overcome by a feeling of sudden loneliness. He slipped to his knees by an old bench beneath a tree and prayed with new fervor for a partner. After awhile a peace came to his torn heart. Some tension within him relaxed. He felt that his prayer was answered, yet he was puzzled over this strange new joy. Then it dawned upon him that he had a partner—and that his partner was God. What need had he of a human being when he had God!

Everyone had said that he could not succeed without money to advertise. The way he would go ahead was not clear to him, but he felt that he would go successfully and that God would sustain his efforts. During the next few days and weeks he worked as diligently as ever, but always in the back

of his mind he was waiting for the guidance of his Partner.

A local merchant, learning how popular the products were, offered to put them in his store where the townspeople could get them more conveniently. Soon other stores in the same and other towns began to ask for a small stock. Before he knew it he was delivering to stores instead of houses. His business was growing more rapidly than he could keep up with it.

Being a practical man he decided that his silent Partner was entitled to a portion of the actual returns from the business. He began then the practice of setting aside ten percent of every dollar for charitable and other purposes that he believed could be regarded as the work of God. For some twenty or more years this man has given ten percent to his Partner always, and often much more of the millions that have poured into his business.

Today the business he began so modestly stretches into every town and hamlet in America and into a number of foreign countries. I cannot give you his name because for some reason he does not want this story known as being his record. But it is safe to assume that his name is on a carton or a jar in your house at this minute.

He is not, as you might suppose, a religious

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fanatic. He is an understanding human being, who, as Kipling puts it, "can walk with crowds and keep his virtue—or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch." He lives his beautiful faith which extends into all his dealings. Many a man can thank him for an opportunity in life, an education, a chance to try again. Those men who have been valuable to him he has dealt with more than generously. But they know and he knows—yet no one violates the secret—that the real silent Partner in the great concern is God.

This is a true story. A story of struggle and faith and more struggle and faith, all justified in the life of a man who wrestled with the angel and would not let him go.

Give some material thing away regularly lest you become too enamored of collecting material objects and amounts which can never bring satisfaction or happiness.

Give some of them away just to prove to yourself that you do not need all you have—no matter how small your complete store may be. The suggestion of bounty which will grow in your consciousness as a result will promote your ability to give.

I have never known a systematic giver who was ever reduced to want. Not that his motive was self-

ish. His plan might have gone awry if he had been generous in the superstitious hope that he would be fortunate because of it.

But usually the habitual giver becomes so engrossed in the habit of giving that he forgets his motives and gives as naturally and unself-consciously as the sun or rain or any other natural function in the act of expressing its nature. This is giving superior to the good-hearted, unwise generosity.

The systematic giver, no matter from what motive he began to give, finally puts himself in harmony with the great expressive and giving currents of the universe. He may not have thought of it, may not even know it, but when this happens he begins to be what he feels he is—a free man using the material part of the world as merely a means of expression and not something to hoard for its own sake.

Wise wealth is moving money. There isn't enough actual coin of the realm to provide every man with riches, no matter what some politicians say. There is almost nothing in the world that can withstand stagnation, disuse, and still continue to hold itself complete, alive, efficient. Nothing remains whole except as it is in movement from one mind to another, one purpose to another, one use to another.

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One need not be rich to give great happiness. One man I know makes a habit of taking a number of children to a good moving-picture whenever one is to be found. He takes them on hikes, shows them the enormous engines that electrify the city, shows them small natural curiosities until they beg to go to a museum of natural history. This man gives of his time to stimulate in youngsters the desire for knowledge.

A woman I know gives her evening gowns to working girls. She learns of a girl just her size, who helps to support her family. Such a girl has few occasions to wear an evening gown and for this reason cannot afford to own a good one, yet on those several nights in a year that she wants to dress she would like to look as well as possible. So, mysteriously, there comes in the mail to her a gown or two a year. Think of the joy these frocks bring!

Numberless women contribute to the camp funds which provide a country vacation each summer for slum children. A few dollars keeps a child off the hot city streets for a whole week. There is hardly a normal adult who cannot afford to give some child the boon of a country week. Women living in the country take children for vacations of a more extended period.

Almost everyone can adopt to some degree an

aged man or woman who has little pleasure and not all the necessities of life. What simple inexpensive gifts give great comfort and joy! A hot-water bottle purchased at a corner store for a few cents. A bottle of cologne for the old lady. A half-dozen fresh eggs twice a week. A reading-tray. A walking-stick. A bed-jacket. A box of throat lozenges.

The glow of pleasure the giver feels when he has been generous far exceeds any benefit the recipient might enjoy. Our greatest reward lies in the ability to give.

Giving is our acknowledgment to God that we have received much from Him. And no man can honestly say he has not received a great deal from God. Life—the fact of existence—is the sublime gift of Being.

No conscious mind, regardless of the body it inhabits, can be less than spiritually victorious when it recognizes its Source.

Give what you can to someone else. If your pockets are empty and you have only one coat, then give your smiles to children and grown people too—they are needed. Give your attention—what a boon it is to the lonely heart. Give your appreciation of every lovely thing that passes your way—and every-one's life is full of lovely things.

The afflicted, the confined, the imprisoned, have

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the capacity to soar in appreciation out and away from the seeming limitations of their conditions. No blindness can keep a man from seeing beauty in his concept of God. No prison walls can confine the mind of a man. They can hold only his body.

No man is so shut away from the movement of mind that he cannot give something of value to the world. He must give. We all must put our personal hurt away and give beauty to a world that will give it back to us when we have filled it with our gift of appreciation.

Give and Live! Give and Be!

XIII

LET ENTHUSIASM WORK

The Twelfth Thing to Do: Put divine enthusiasm to work for you.

THERE WERE some instrument like a thermometer by which enthusiasm could be measured, it would be a good gauge of personality. We could put it in our mouths and tell exactly how valuable we are to the world, how much we are likely to contribute to the community and how much happiness and content we could have for ourselves—all by watching the indicator on the enthusiasm thermometer.

Enthusiasm differs from energy but slightly. In some ways it is a distinction without a difference. Enthusiasm gathers energy and distributes it. It is at once childlike and mature. Being the product of the full expression or recognition of life at any given point, it is close to divine harmony.

Since we cannot be enthusiastic about something of which we do not approve, enthusiasm is a great agreement with its subject. The intensifying and the multiplication of this feeling is the world's

hope of peace. The day the nations of the world can find a common enthusiasm—that day will mark the beginning of the end of war.

Enthusiasm, which is a forward action, is many times more powerful than disapproval, which is a backward movement.

It is the greatest healer of discord. Have you ever seen two men at sword's-point over some legal difference discover that they are both ardent fishermen? Then you have been amused to witness the existing difficulty being dismissed while all the angles of angling were discussed. And the enemies became firm friends!

Besides being a trustworthy healer, enthusiasm is also a great convincer. There may be strategic uses for indifference and coldness, but they are not very trustworthy tools with which to fashion happiness. People leave their mark in the world because of some special enthusiasm, some passion that possessed them. Their indifferences are forgotten. It is animation, movement, that takes the eye on the physical plane—and movement of intelligence that fascinates the mind.

It is a powerful antiseptic. It protects us from the almost deadly germs of self-pity, procrastination, inertia, inferiority and even grief. Like a disinfectant swabbing across the mind, enthusiasm cleans

them out with one stroke. It is a divine prophylactic. It stands next to forgiveness in mental sanitation.

When you have a difficult task before you, when the way seems dark and hardly worth the trouble, yet you *must* go on—get enthusiasm to work for you.

Enthusiasm is just a name for a type of Godenergy that comes to man's aid and makes him more than a man. It is the great doer. And, like all the other blessings of God, it is available to every man.

When we are troubled, weighed down by responsibilities, enthusiasm seems like some superficial pleasantry of less-burdened people. It seems not to belong in our plodding, duty-laden lives. But try a little enthusiasm and see how it changes the picture. Work seems to roll by on well-oiled wheels and the mind makes little of knotty problems.

Have you ever tossed with troubled thoughts through an endless night—hours that held frustration, terror, worry, all magnified in the dark—but with the coming of day, the dear realities about you once more took outline in the dawn and fear fled with the shadows? And you wondered how you could have been so harassed? Enthusiasm is like that dawn, making life seem reasonable and possible once again.

No matter how scientific our thinking, no matter how worthy our character, without ardor—an enthusiasm—we have not breathed the breath of life into our morals and facts. They are still unrelated and useless so far as living is concerned.

The shyest, most negative person becomes a forceful, organized entity when enthusiasm warms and unifies his faculties and ideas. Many are the rewards of the revitalizing influence of enthusiasm throughout the entire person—mind, soul and body.

Though the enthusiastic person will be energetically expressive, he will be easily distinguished from the nervously jumpy man with a synthetic professional pep. The glowing light of real enthusiasm in one's countenance is not confused with the hard brightness of pretension's glare.

True, millions of people have little to make them enthusiastic, if one judges their material state. But they could climb out of their limitations and brighten their lot by the best uses of enthusiasm. Mental states of despondency paralyze initiative and diminish one's powers to work or to persuade. A man properly imbued with enthusiasm is the one to send to fight for the rights of other men. And if he were more enthusiastic in his constructive suggestions than belligerent in his destructive ones, he would probably win his point with half the effort.

People who are determinedly morose and unhappy shut themselves away from the natural currents of healing and rescue.

For the good of his own body and soul, a man should find something to be enthusiastic about, if it is only the beauty of a dead tree-stump. To go through life feeling little but resentment is to slam the door in the face of all possibilities. It is saying "No" to life. Try saying "Yes" to life by going with its natural currents of energy and enthusiasm, and see the change it will bring!

Counter-irritants, diverse intrigues, disarming attacks, are effective on their plane—but not one of them accomplishes anything like the progress of an enthusiasm that can enlist all these forces under a common banner and use them all in a forward and upward movement. We seem to share the gathered force of all movement when we go forward. We are in tune with the universe.

Sooner or later we are all faced with some test which decides whether we depend upon people and material things and money to keep our spirits up—or depend upon our spirits to attract what we need of friendship and material.

To admit to ourselves that we can't be happy without material props is to acknowledge that we haven't taken divine authority over ourselves.

One of the greatest victories possible to us is to have accomplished the feat of becoming the leader of our own mental world. When we are at the mercy of outside situations and personalities, our poise and happiness can be snatched from under us at any minute.

We are mental and emotional infants so long as we must have objects and people outside ourselves to support our good humor and assurance. We are mature the day we decide that there must be an overlordship of all our faculties and capacities, that we cannot leave them to any chance influence, however pleasant.

There must be a central receiving and sending station which we control if we are to have positive enthusiasm about life. If our enthusiasms are stimulated by whatever the wind brings along outside, they will be transient and capricious.

If we want an abiding vitality, a dependable vigor in our approach to Life, it must be based on our own conviction that Life is dependable, that we attain it directly, that it is beautiful, responsive, the perfect gift of a perfect universe and God.

How many of us really believe with all our hearts in our good? Isn't most of our thinking along this line a sort of sketchy, surface, vague hope, the sort

of thinking that is meant in, "Who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?"

But when our thoughts become convictions and take root in our emotional acceptance of them, then, and only then, are we "thinking in our hearts"! And, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." In other words, when we add real heart-felt enthusiasm to any idea we give it an impetus that may cause it not only to "come real" but also to ring around the world!—and perhaps other worlds? For in dealing with the great forces at our command we are as babes crawling on the floor.

We should not live always in such a state of emergency that hope not only is virtue but becomes our mainstay. We need the enthusiasm that only assurance can give.

Hope is the stepchild of all the virtues—a thin, ragged, forlorn, poverty-stricken waif, being palmed off on us as a beautiful child. Hope is just one of those expediencies that is better than nothing in a genuine emergency. And that is all you can say for her. She pales into her excessive thinness when placed by the side of Faith.

I suppose there are times when one is grateful for hope, but at those times there is usually no choice open—or we think there isn't. But how much more noble is the robust, red-cheeked *knowing* that ul-

timate rightness will be realized. How anæmic is hope! Thinking of her as a virtue has kept many a person from that assurance to which he has a right in his divine heritage. Hope is often the "if" that robs us of certainty. Like many another frail virtue, she is asked to do too much.

Give me the conviction of Job, with his rags and sores, crying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" rather than the respectable, pale, conventional hope of the man who thinks it would be nice, but who has no clear picture in his mind, no passion of certainty.

Go to a party with the mere hope that you are going to have a good time and you probably won't, but if you practically take your good time with you in the form of certainty, you will enjoy the occasion. Go into an athletic competition with only hope to goad your muscles and your game will show its pale pattern. Go into friendships with a forlorn hope that people will like you written on your face and you will be regarded as so diffident that you will be overlooked as a negative person.

Real enthusiasm gives depth to our characters.

It is not voiced in over-accented gushing, while the speech slides up and down a tonal scale in a

gymnastic effort to be emphatic, while adjectives and superlatives fill the air. Good taste is seen in the natural dignity of the real enthusiast about life. He has an unhurried deftness and grace that accomplish more than any amount of sputtering speed.

To be enthusiastic is to be graciously appreciative of all that life offers us. Sourness or even negativeness holds a tacit criticism of the order of things which should be seen as above criticism.

The evidence of well-being as shown in an agreeable, enthusiastic personality has a fine effect on one's affairs.

It vitalizes one's presence and spreads its valuable contagion to others. For this reason, one owes it to the world as well as to himself to carry the evidences of enthusiastic well-being.

Even in walking on the street, if we see drooping, dark-faced people we are apt to be sighing before we've gone one block. But if we see an erect, bright-faced person walking with a lilt as though life were good, we unconsciously square our own shoulders and lift our chins a trifle.

Every happy person has a tonic effect on everyone who sees him. Therefore, it is unsocial and

selfish to indulge feelings of dullness and to wear a long face. Consider other people.

We can learn much from Oriental people in matters of public courtesy. The better classes are taught that they should never burden others with their troubles—that even if one must relate a misfortune he should do it with a smile. Occidental people see an Oriental smiling while speaking of a grief and sometimes wrongly imagine that the man is shallow and doesn't feel deeply. But, actually, he is trying to speak according to his concept of manners.

So the person with courtesy enough to care about his effect on the world as he passes through it will not appear in public without a reasonably pleasant mien. There is a whole sermon in a joyous footstep. Who knows but that it started some downcast soul to think upward again—made him see that gladness was not gone from the face of the earth, even if he has temporarily lost touch with it, and caused him to determine to rediscover it.

When we are miserable, many of us forget that Life and Love are still intact.

Some simple reminder that the universe is still itself though our little world may have crashed about our heads causes one to resolve to use his

ever-present God-energy and enthusiasm to build anew.

Our minds must be nudged with joy sometimes to wake them from the hypnotic spell caused by an overdose of dismal suggestion.

Enthusiasm is a fire—and like any blaze it draws a crowd. When you are deeply, enthusiastically, engrossed in something, the rest of the world wants to know what it is and they gather round, giving at least the appearance of popularity. But there is one little point where enthusiasm will fail you if it isn't watched:

If your eager interest is in your own affairs alone, people will be drawn to you just the same—but you will find it difficult to hold them.

Whenever a woman comes to me saying that she makes friends readily but that they drift away from her, I know at once that she either has a bad breath or she is self-centered.

In their eagerness to remove any possibility of the appearance of being self-centered, some people go so far in the other direction that they belittle themselves. It is neither sane nor honest to be disinterested in oneself and no reasonable person expects it.

We should attain a balance in the distribution of our interests so that our enthusiasm burns just as

brightly over the concerns of other people and external affairs as when it hovers closely about the self.

Enthusiasm is a great universality and does not show to its best advantage in a confined area. None of us uses or enjoys it enough. Perhaps it is because we do not really understand and appreciate it sufficiently. Sometimes we let lesser satisfactions rob us of it. I refer to unnecessary, profitless criticism and resistance.

We have already noted that enthusiasm is a great agreement with its subject a complete acceptance of the object or matter at hand. Its opposite would be rejection prompted by the critical faculties—and thus we automatically resist whatever we reject. And a resistance is a type of tension.

Since we already know that any tension is a dam that hinders the flow of forces on its own plane, we want as little of it as possible. We want nothing, however virtuous a face it presents, to hinder the flow of life to us and through us.

Therefore we shall be wise if we cut to an absolute minimum the number of times we fail to accept and agree with whatever is before us.

No one can or should discard his ability to judge and classify the details of life. There is much that we cannot and should not accept or agree with—but on the other hand we all spend far too much time

and energy in useless, wanton criticism that dams both the object of our disfavor and ourselves at the same time.

Some of us are so proud of our extremely sensitive critical faculties that we let nothing pass without singeing it with our particular brand of acid. Certainly, having educated and refined our perceptions, we should be entitled to an enjoyment of their use, yet, unfair as it seems, it is a very expensive pleasure.

If we are sensitive to color, we are distressed by a woman's wearing the wrong color of hat. We resist with an actual physical tension the inharmonious picture she presents to our trained eyes. When we are especially learned and supersensitive we resist and resist and resist until our fine education finally rewards us with a completely negative habit pattern.

We finally conclude that since we are so delicately attuned and life is so crude, we would better just withdraw somewhere and nurse our constantly wounded superiority. Such a person is on his way to a nervous breakdown, to warping peculiarities or an institution for mental cases.

The world needs really superior people. True superiority recognizes its responsibilities and does not wish to draw aside, to be too precious.

But looking a little deeper into his problem, we

easily recognize his type. His is the self-conscious excellence of the high school sophomore. Oh, how he feels the weight and responsibility of his learning! And what fools other people seem by comparison. These sensitive souls who are just too nice and too learned for the rest of the world, are simply having intellectual growing-pains.

It is too bad that having learned so much, having attained the sophomore's standards, they often stay at this halfway point in development. They should go on and climb higher in learning and feeling up to a clean-winded height where they have a real view, and neither the wish nor the impulse to condemn.

The act of looking at humanity from a real height brings forth little but love, admiration and pity. We see that, even though someone may be expressing wrongly, the God-intelligence within him will insist and insist and insist until he becomes a worthy and perfect vessel for Life, no matter how long it takes. One's mind becomes absorbed in the drama of other people's unfoldment rather than being mired in their mistakes.

The important thing is to keep out in the stream of Life and let it mellow our green information—let it ripen our capacity to see and feel with the eyes and heart of God. We do not lay down our critical

faculties; we heighten them—we take them up to a place where real vision and real judgment are possible. We see the ultimate man—the eternal plan being worked out in him. Then we are more fascinated by helping him speed toward his development than we are in recording his errors.

Let us not permit our extreme niceness to turn us into mental scavengers looking only for the chance to expose the bones of failure. Strange, how seeming virtues can reverse themselves when they operate counter to the laws of Life and God. Life, with its passion for action and forward movement and its healing, stimulating forces, bids us put our minds on constructive action and thinking, if we expect to express real intelligence in a mature way.

It takes such a little bit of time to give blessing and encouragement to those who are tangled in discord of any kind. Instead of cataloguing a man as a failure as we walk past, why not lift from him that stigma if only for an instant? Give him a quick momentary release from his mistakes and see him free to share the surrounding intelligence. You will not only have spared him the curse of your condemnation, you will actually have helped him—and yourself.

Our negative attitude toward other people is a home-made product. We may intend it for some-

body else, but it exists in our own subconscious mind; thus the material meant for another destination is used by impersonal mind and built into the soul structure of its author.

In the name of both kindness and self-interest, examine the content of your mind, removing the names of those other people for whom your opinions were intended, and you can easily determine what you can expect from life as an equivalent of your own mental processes. You can then see just how much you agree with life—how much of the time you let its forceful current carry you—and how much time you waste on little side-issues, petty dramas, based on a misuse of learning.

One need not become indiscriminate. But one may pause before condemnation and admit he may not know all the facts in the case and therefore let the victim pass on without his damning thought. As we guard and watch our habits of judgment, we gradually come to realize how little of it is needed. One busies himself being and living, creating and building, and leaves judgment to those people who haven't enough to do that is more vital. Defend it and indulge in it until you are tired of its negative qualities and one day you, too, will turn from it to the greater joy and satisfaction of creative endeavor.

True judgment as a profession has its place in our

civilization, but as a private enterprise, it is highly unprofitable. Let us give as little thought as possible to those qualities we do not admire—but keep ourselves steeped in the atmosphere of those elements in Mind that we want to approximate—and we shall be astonished by the result.

Keep your mind in agreement with something wherever possible. There is the force of unity in agreement—the weakness of separation in rejection. Think of the basic platform of most of your impulses. If they carry you into enthusiastic agreement most of the time, you are, or will be, a popular, influential person, not as a spineless yesman, but as one who moves with life instead of against it.

If instead of battling what we do not like, we enthusiastically begin to build what we do like, we usually, not always, find the opposition joining our forces. Enthusiasm is sometimes able to do the work of forceful persuasion.

Sometimes when we are in unpleasant situations, in contact with discouraging personalities, enthusiasm burns low. We recognize the fact that we should be enthusiastic. We know it benefits, but some inherent honesty will not let us pretend it.

So fine, so holy a thing should be sincere, we reason. We scorn to present a counterfeit of so val-

uable a quality. With a sort of virtuous stubbornness we refuse to assume a false face of eagerness and fervor when we're empty, dull. We prefer to stay empty and dull and miserable, rather than deceive ourselves.

There is nothing to be enthusiastic about now. We will wait until something honestly stirs our interest. We are weary of the smirks and promises of the prophets of various Utopias—and the charm of reality eludes us. We're miserable, but we would rather stay that way than climb out on a ladder of illusions.

Being miserable isn't such bad fun, anyway. We're already feeling virtuous about it.

We would better be careful or we will be enthusiastic about not being enthusiastic! Like the college professor who is emphatic in his denunciation of overemphasis.

Thus the mind plays hide-and-seek with itself. Yet there is a little insistent idea that simply won't stop singing around in our heads—the fact that life really is good—especially when we play according to the rules. If we would stop grumbling a moment or two and listen to that little insistent voice within us, we should hear the music in it, melody that delights us and draws us back to the rhythm of Life.

Well, here we are, we realists, in the enemy's

camp. The enemy (?) being Life with its siren song. Well, no matter which way you go with Life, you will get action. Which way will you go and what will you find if you sit there grumbling? So the joy of Life is but a siren song—illusion?

Well, what do you think your misery is—a gold bank-note? Is a cry of pain more real than a song? Let's say for the sake of argument (though I do not believe it) that they are equally real. Do you honestly prefer the cry of pain to the song? You do! Then you are a Sadist, a madman, living in a world of illusions and false, distorted pleasures!

Oh, you can't escape Life with all your weird defenses and your confusion about reality. It pulses in the music that pounds its rhythm into your senses. Order and ecstasy are in its beat—look, your foot is tapping in consonant agreement with the joy of precision! Why don't you let your mind dance, too? Rhythm is not just for feet. It is for heads and hearts and souls. It is for living and loving and doing and knowing. It is for climbing and striving and coming and going. The mighty crescendo of Life going on will catch at your senses and bring you along.

Enthusiasm is the essence of all you do or think. It organizes your impulses and clears your mind, bringing out your intent sharply so that it becomes

the pattern of your efforts, eliminating waste time and motion. Don't let cheap imitations keep you from knowing the real thing.

Enthusiasm is a sharp focus that cleans out the vagueness that delays accomplishment. It routs self-consciousness more effectively than any amount of sympathetic treatment. Everyone can honestly express enthusiasm about something. And we can find much pleasure in the art of expressing our intense interest.

If we have convinced ourselves of the beneficence of the universe, and the nearness of God at all times, we can be enthusiastic about the fine possibilities before us.

XIV

PUT ON YOUR STRENGTH

PERHAPS BEFORE we go any further I should make it clear that I have little interest in urging anybody to be good, or kind, or moral, as an end in itself. Every recommendation given in these pages has another purpose in view—the health of your complete mental and physical organization and the enlargement of your capacities.

That your capacities are God-gifts and any enlargements of them must encompass more of God, that in the established mechanisms of life in general and your psyche in particular, goodness, kindness and morality happen to be the oil that makes them run smoothly for you—these are but the facts we find as we study the situation impartially.

These are our findings, not our premise. Therefore they deserve the respectful attention of every practical mind that seeks to make life yield more of its secrets and more of its benefits. Instead of being prophets shouting a preferred theory or theology, we believe we are scientists studying life and jotting

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down our findings as conscientiously as though we were reporting on chemical experiments.

The elements of life put together in a certain way yield a certain result. If any man wishes to acquire fine personality, he will either accidentally or purposely get the necessary elements together before he will have it. This is an indisputable fact.

The joy of the religionist in being vindicated in these reports is a by-product, so far as this book is concerned. I confess that as a person it gives me deep satisfaction to find much that I have always believed justified in experience—but I can only ask you to believe me when I say that had I found the reverse to be true, I would have reported it.

Each of the Twelve Things to Do opens another channel in your mind and life for the free-flowing currents of energy and intelligence. Each of them relaxes some resistance to the splendid stream of Life.

They give release to the force and talents you possess. You would be vastly encouraged, as you face your own problems, if you could know the wonderful changes these principles have brought to other people. Expressions such as, "I wouldn't have believed it if it hadn't happened to me!" come to me often. Another says, "The old discord that sur-

rounded me is gone. It has melted away without hurt to anyone and I am free!"

Word comes from a resident psychiatrist in a state hospital that the cases with which these ideas were being used have shown great improvement. In fact, one patient, violent six months ago, now has a complete ground parole and is doing stenographic work in the institution's offices.

There is almost no situation that will not yield to spiritual vision.

One woman in the Middle West tells a very interesting story. She first wrote of herself as a mousy, silent little creature who seldom spoke above a whisper—afraid of criticism, afraid of people's opinions. She said her personality was so negative that she could sit in the living-room with eight or ten people an entire evening without having a single remark addressed to her.

She lived creeping timidly from the house of first one relative and then another. This starved and shriveled little soul began to open herself to the light of these principles and practices. I knew she would find release and some pleasure in living, but I was totally unprepared for the letter she wrote me eight or ten months later.

She started by saying that she would have to identify herself, since I would not recognize her from

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the character of her letter. And indeed I should not have known her. She related the almost incredible story of her awakening. She, who had spoken so little, found that she had a love of words. Once fear and distrust were banished, she discovered a talent for speaking! Her years of silence—watching and listening—had taught her a great deal about people. And this knowledge began to pour out in speech and on paper. But to cap the climax, she organized a public forum in her town which attracted several hundred members and of which she is the chairman.

She said with evident delight that she had become one of the most respected citizens in the town, that the merchants come out of their stores to greet her. She has become somebody! She feels that she has found her niche in life—an opportunity for service. Her forum discusses matters of local and national interest and from its discussions there has come much clarity and unity in a community where small factions had kept the town weakened. She has made her town stronger and more important and, as is usually the case, she has improved herself at the same time. A very interesting truth—the fact that what we do for others we do for ourselves.

We are akin to all other men, for the life within them is the life within us.

The chain of human progress is no stronger than its weakest link. We must progress as a great whole. We are not spiritually developed and mentally free until we rise from our herd instincts, and seek the benefit of all living men.

We know that the blessings of this rich earth are here for all men, but first we must seek a common knowledge of these blessings and a spiritual grasp of them or we shall continue to seek material things for their own sake, instead of regarding them as but symbols of the wealth of Mind. We do not wrest the secret from nature, the strength from Mind, the comfort of spirituality, until we have earned them. But instead of struggling with what we see as unvielding stubbornness, we will merely use that small, but so necessary, effort required to satisfy natural law.

But just to know a thing is merely the beginning. Until we make a fact a real part of ourselves, it might as well be reposing in a book on the shelves of a public library and never be called for, so far as its usefulness is concerned. An intellectual concept is about as good as nothing if it goes no farther than that. It is in making it real in our own experience that we learn its value.

Do not lay aside these ideas that can make your life what you want it to be. Give the small amount

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of attention necessary to make them work for you. Keep at your dream, continue your effort and you will have both spiritual and material comfort. Constant devotion to self-preparation and self-regulation will bring you rich rewards. Use your principles every day—not just sometimes. Become an artist in living through daily devotion to fineness.

Paderewski has said, "If I go one day without practicing I can tell the difference. If I go two days without touching the piano, my friends notice the difference—and if I go three days, the audience knows the difference."

The attention necessary to lift yourself into fine and full dominion over your life is very small in comparison to what it will bring you.

One may begin very simply to embody these principles and to use them. Their heartening support will enable you to relax. Let go. Stop clinging to any preconceived notion. Be willing to change your habit patterns. Oh, how creaky and rusty many a young mind finds itself to be in trying to accept and use a new idea! But with a little discipline one can let go. Does it seem strange that one must train himself to let go and relax?

The reason I have not said more about relaxation is because I know the impossibility of it unless one has faith. Now that you have somewhat built up

your confidence in life and your faith in the universe, you can begin to relax. Now that many of your fears are banished, you can feel free to venture again—to let fly the aspiring thought, the rising dream. Now that you know the perfect balance of the world, beauty spreads out from your mind like a rosy vapor to touch all your life. Now that you know your divine strength as an individual, you shall never again feel victimized by any environment.

Spiritual assertion robs circumstances of their power to shape you.

Remember there is nothing that will not yield to divine intelligence.

Let go of friction and discord; but do not make the mistake of just subsiding and deciding to make the best of things. We have a right to expect more than that of the surging currents of rich, adjustable Life. Put on your strength!

Learn to relax before any unpleasantness—but only because you know you have the power to melt it. Never bow your spiritual head under the lash of discord.

The first step is, indeed, the refusal to strike back. Next recognize the divinity in the person who seems to be causing the trouble. Tell him that you know he does not really want to hurt you, that he is too

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fine a person to mean any unkindness. And that since he is such a splendid person, really you aren't even going to hear anything that isn't an expression of his real self.

Understand that you can go nowhere that the fulness of Life cannot penetrate. There is no place so remote that Life cannot find you and bring you your desires.

How vivid is my memory of a man in the Far North in a tiny outpost of civilization. With his wife and children as responsibilities, he felt that he had not the time to devote to his latent talent for writing. He saw himself as trapped by his family's needs—so much so, that at times he almost hated them. His letters were pitiful wails of frustration, hopeless with the belief that he had to get to New York or Paris to develop himself. He was considering deserting his family—even though he really loved them.

I wrote him that everything is everywhere present—that he need not go anywhere to have all of Life. I also told him that if his talent were so burning a thing, he would write whether he had the time or not; that he would injure his talent by so ignoble a gesture as desertion. I reminded him that most really great people had done their best work in the

face of great odds. Apparently he became fired with a new vision of life's possibilities.

In less than three years, this man has sold stories to leading magazines and has written three fairly successful books. He writes me that he thinks it is a miracle and is deeply grateful that I held him to the dear, warm ties of family life. Actually it is of home life that he writes so well! He, who would have thrown it aside, naturally sees it now with extraordinary vividness. Worthwhile checks and letters from many readers go to this Far North town. Life reaches her fingers anywhere to take the rewards of a dynamic approach to her bounty. Also fineness of character brings one peace.

No matter where you live, or how hopeless you think your situation, keep yourself reminded that Life is everywhere at once. Put on your strength. Remember your radio and tune yourself in to beauty, satisfaction, love and faith.

It is well not to chafe against conditions as they are. Make your inner peace with your environment, else you can never completely escape it.

We can avoid discord only as we gain complete mastery over it—not by fighting it, but by selfcontrol.

Remember that so long as you want to fight back,

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you will remain in an atmosphere of struggle. Truth, love and joy melt opposition indirectly.

Also bear in mind that merely controlling yourself is but part of the matter. Self-control is only a splint that holds the broken pieces of any situation together, while the real healing takes place inside. Self-control without self-education that leads the mind and emotions away from any part in inharmony might even be damaging.

If you can control yourself, be happy that you have the strength and intelligence to do so, but go on to lift yourself by that same ability out of any consciousness of discord. It is entirely possible to do so and comparatively easy after you have made one or two attempts.

Judge any habit or idea by asking yourself if it is repressive or expressive. Control is repressive—but the decision to live harmoniously is expressive. In all things, find a way to be positive, expressive, in tune with the forward movement of Life.

Above all you do, never be discouraged by your failures.

Once one has found the God-self within, he loses all self-consciousness. Never does he boast. He has the necessary strength to sustain grace and beauty. Weakness cannot produce beauty. Even a fine dancer has firm, controlled muscles. The good taste

of unselfishness grows daily in the habits of the one who has found the bounty of God. He becomes quiet, poised.

The weak person is more likely to be noisy than the strong one. He is under the necessity of convincing himself that he is a great fellow. When he finds God's strength within, he does not need to boast noisily. His attitude becomes one of transcendent humility.

I have not spoken of humility because it is so misunderstood—and because it will flower without discussion, if one attains God-awareness.

When we see the Source of All, recognize the tremendous energy of it and its all-embracing intelligence, we need then only the art of life. And what is art? First it is vision, then faith, then work—work with the vision as the pattern, the ideal.

Certainly we are creatures of environment to a great extent, but that extent is definitely limited by one thing—man's acceptance or rejection of its influence.

Most of us go with the trend and tenor of environment because we have never been sufficiently aroused as individuals to show any firmness stronger than its currents. But let a man become fired with some direct ideal, some goal, some great objective,

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and his environment might as well not be there, so far as any deterring effects are concerned.

I have seen personalities of such vitality that their unattractive background, damning to lesser people, became actually the shadow that threw their brilliance into relief. The person of strength can make an asset of a liability—make an attraction out of ugliness—make fuel for the fire of his spirit out of opposition.

Rich, teaming with action, beautiful and useful ideas, interesting mechanisms and millions of combinations of patterns and possibilities, is the Godconsciousness in the soul of every man. Like a vast mirror it reflects back only what he places before it. His expectations become the pattern of his experiences because they present such clear-cut outlines to the universal mirror.

One wonders how long humanity will continue to crawl around over the face of the earth without recognizing its heritage.

Our vague longings and puny hopes produce nothing but a blurred, unfinished incision in the formless stuff of life; but our faith, if it is the positive dynamic kind and not a foggy myth, and our real expectations both rationalized and subconscious, actuate forms that stand in high relief against the background of usable forces.

If you are popular, happy, and have all you need of love, work and money, you are too busy to wonder much about how it all happened. But you learn very quickly, when lack and trouble begin to appear, that your poise needs a foundation, that you need to draw on a deeper reserve—within yourself.

Learn to make allowances for the narrowness of other people. When they seem a little breadthless before your freedom and largeness, just remember the story of the little slum child being given a vacation in the country.

He had been sent outdoors to enjoy watching the birds flit about in the garden sunshine, nesting in the luxuriant trees. Presently he was heard sobbing. When the kind lady rushed to him to see what the matter was, he said, "Oh, I feel so sorry for those poor birds. They have no cages!"

You and I can be passionately grateful that we have no cages for our spiritual concepts—that we are free to soar and build where we will in a Life of freedom and beauty.

God lives in every truth—every healing power and agency—not in just some of them. All peace, serenity and the solution of our ills lies all about us—in and through us—inviting us to find it.

Worship of God is not enough—wonderful and efficacious as it is. True religion challenges men to

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discover the truths that are here for us—to go out into fields of science and investigation like the knights of old and not to return until they have brought back the Holy Grail of knowledge.

The encouragement of science is the greatest duty of the modern world. Not that we mean to look away from the spiritual and mental to the world of materiality for salvation. But we may as well face the fact that until we perfect a technique of bringing our spiritual concepts into material expression, they are just so many pretty ideas or undated promissory notes.

Remember that no matter what dreadful things seem to be happening in the world, that the human race must continue to go forward—to unfold its divine nature. And that we shall do so because we cannot do otherwise. Life pulls us on and up. If we go willingly, we save ourselves untold suffering—but at any rate we shall rise from animalism, even though we wait to be tugged along, as it were, by the forces that draw everything to fruition.

In making commonplace these matters that have usually been thought of only to the accompaniment of organ music, do we destroy their beauty and poetry? Does it remove the sanctity and glamour of spirituality to make it so ordinary?

One can only point to the western sky on any

clear afternoon when the sun sends its breath-taking beauty of golds and purples across the worlds. Has the sunset, because of its frequency, its freedom to all men, lost its glamour? Does a mother's constant devotion to her child make her love commonplace? Does our knowledge that spring is coming every year to dress the world in lovely green destroy its thrill? Of course not!

Added to our pleasure in these things, is the comfort of their availability, their dependability. We need to be more familiar with our divinity. We ought to be as casual in our acceptance of it as we are in any routine matter of life. It is an everpresent fact and should be treated as one. The more quickly we become habitually aware of God within us, the faster the race will emerge from the state of lower animals, fighting, fearful, jealous and limited—and become the free, peaceful, harmonious, powerful, happy people expressing the beauties of the creative Mind within us. Then we walk with God!

Then we reflect the Great Personality—and its glory will shine round about us—to light our faces, our hearts and every part of our lives.



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